

WAR CRY



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THE DEVIL'S NARCOTIC!



This front page was suggested by a distressing story of a poor wretch who, under the influence of opium, lay down to sleep the day of death before the advancing express.

Well, at the late Mrs. General Booth and her mother in the name of mercy people's attention than anything else. In their words, the devil's

Opium of Indifference

so works and acts that thousands of people sleep on their way to the awful pit of hell. Not many days ago the people of a certain town in Ontario were roused to indignation's point because a poor little child had fallen into the water, and was allowed to drown in the presence of those who refused to risk their lives in order to save the helpless baby.

More guilty and culpable still are those who will sit idly by and see poor souls lost and damned for want of real on and out effort.

See the so-called saint, when the hour of battle comes, prayer-meeting is on, the host of hell are gathered around.

As Undecided Sold.

The mother's prayer, are according to God's throne. The angels of Heaven are

Interested spectators, and the victory is almost won.

Just at that moment, when concentrated prayers should be ascending to God, the devil's opium is doing its deadly work, and that soldier who should be alive for God, and desperately in earnest, is taking things quietly and easily.

(Continued on page 4.)

East Ontario Province.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN SHARP.

The East Ontario Province extends a thousand welcomes to our brave and beloved General, the hero of a thousand well-fought battles, as he comes across the ocean with blessings for all, right glad shall we be to receive him as he arrives in this Province.

A little child, when dying, looked up heavenward and said, "I see the letter W all over the sky." When asked what it meant, the child replied that it meant, "There is a welcome in heaven for me." So we say to our beloved General, "Look up, for when you leave Newfoundland and the Eastern Province, remember there is a warm welcome awaiting you in the East Ontario Province, not only by our looks, the shake of our hands, or the God-bless-you from our lips, but from the hearts that breathe the true spirit of a soldier, we welcome you in our midst."

Personally, I shall be more than pleased to see and hear the General once again. Have not I reason to be so? Were not the words that he spoke in that officers' council in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, England, some ten years ago, when he looked into our eyes, and with a father's love, he told us that we were no good to God or the Army unless we were prepared to do impossibilities? Did not I get inspired in that very meeting, and with my mind made up, I returned to my corps determined to be a conqueror? And have not the very same words helped me again and again as I have faced difficulties, and I have pressed on and had victory?

You ask me the question what towns or cities the General is to visit in the East Ontario Province, and what are our arrangements to make his visit a tremendous success. Well now, if you will follow me closely, I will give you the particulars that will be a guide to you all round the Province. Here are the dates, places, and meetings that the General is expected to be at, all in a nut-shell, and for your own benefit:

QUEBEC, Friday, October 5th, in Methodist Church.
MONTREAL, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, October 6th, 7th, and 8th. Saturday night, council for officers, soldiers and friends; Sunday, Salvation meetings all day; Monday, the same.
OTTAWA, Tuesday, October 9th, meeting afternoon and night.
CORNWALL, Wednesday, October 10th, reception and public meeting.
PRESCOTT, Thursday, October 11th, public meeting at two o'clock.
BROCKVILLE, Thursday, 11th, reception and public meeting.
GANANQUE, Friday, October 12th.
KINGSTON, Saturday, Sunday, October 13th, 14th, reception and public demonstrations and council on Saturday night; Sunday, all day, Salvation meetings.
PICKTON, Monday, October 15th, reception and public meeting.
DREBENTON, Tuesday, October 15th, public meeting at one o'clock.
BELLVILLE, Tuesday, October 16th, reception and public meeting.
PORT HORN, Wednesday, October 17th, public meeting at two o'clock.
LENSAY, Wednesday, October 17th, reception and public meeting.
PATERBORO, Thursday, October 18th, reception and public meeting.

The General then visits the beautiful city of Quebec. Yes, sir, and I am sure that Mrs. Ensign Mitchell and her brave band of warriors will leave no stone unturned to make his visit a triumphant success.

From Quebec he travels to Montreal, where three days' extraordinary meetings are being arranged for him to lead. During those special meetings we are arranging to bring in the officers from the Sherbrooke and Montreal districts, with as many soldiers and friends as can possibly come. Let no soldier or friend in those districts miss this chance of hearing the General on the plea that they will have no place to stay over night, for all they have got to do is to write to Captain Fox, of the Lighthouse, and he

will be glad to provide you with a billet on easy terms.

Ottawa, the Imperial City, the seat of the Government, where the great men meet who rule this fair Dominion, the Land of the Free, is the next place on the list. The General will arrive on Thursday, Oct. 9th, and conduct two large gatherings. In connection with his visit to the city of Ottawa we have decided to run an excursion from Pembroke by the C.P.R., calling at Renfrew, Almonte and Carleton Place. Now, why cannot we get 100 people from each of those places? It is a settled fact that the General cannot visit every corps in the province, but I see no reason why every soldier and friend could not get enough money saved so that they could come to see and hear the General for once in their life. In Europe we have read of soldiers travelling night and day so that they could hear the General. When they can do that I am sure that our people won't be one bit less zealous.

Ensign Coombs, Captain Carter, Burrows and Brokenshire will do their best to get a large crowd to turn out to this excursion. Cornwall has the honor of a visit from the General on Wednesday, Oct. 10th. This is a manufacturing town, and the people love the Army. Adjutant and Mrs. Taylor have got hold of the reins of this district, and we are sure of a tremendous crowd. Chertville and Morrisburg come into Cornwall for this meeting.

Then on Thursday, Oct. 10th, we board the west-bound train for Prescott, one of the hardest nuts that the Army has got for getting people made into soldiers. Yet we have a band of soldiers and friends here who know how to welcome their General, and hard though it is he will not pass it by. So he will have an afternoon meeting and then go down and get aboard the S.S. "General Booth" and steam up the river St. Lawrence to Brockville, where Ensign McNamara is arranging to give the General a great reception, and we shall have a public meeting in some large building. Prescott, Perth, Athens and Ogdensburg come into Brockville for those special meetings.

More next week.

"THE CONQUEROR."—We quote the following extract as a sample of the good things provided in this New York magazine for September:

"What Shall I Do, Then, With Jesus?"

BY MISS HALLINGTON MOORE.

"In the country of Switzerland there is a legend which concerns a great, daring, fighting man. The mountain is called Mt. Pilatus. The legend which they tell is that Pilatus, after the crucifixion of Christ, was so haunted by remorse, that to get away from the terrible anguish, he fled from his native land (and the city of Rome), and went up into this rugged mountain; that his spirit has made its home there ever since, and that in the dark waters of the lake, which is situated very near the summit, he is constantly in the early gray dawn to be seen washing his hands in the vain hope of thus removing the stain that never becomes fainter. The head of this mountain is almost always enshrouded in a cap of misty clouds, and the unfortunate, remorse-ridden spirit is supposed to be covered from the view of the people beneath this shroud."

"Of course, this is but a legend, but it has often been in my mind, a picture of the cowardly evildoer who murders this question to their eternal undoing. No hand-washing through time or eternity can ever cleanse the bitter staining of their conscience, can ever make them any the less criminals of Jesus Christ, and they cannot flee away from their own condemning conscience."

From the New York Cry.—"A buzzing, blizzing, sulphurous, yellow-red-and-blue-and-every-other-color envelope lay on our table one morning. It was enough to make the perspiration stand out on one's forehead on a cold day. Turkish baths, stinky dentists and steamer stoke-holes are not in it with that Canadian War Cry envelope."

Our Contributors.

THOMAS KNIGHT, or, "Maquignist."

(Continued from last week.)



VER the billows the wind had increased and was blowing what sailors call a living gale. "Lower the starboard cutter," roared the commander, and the men leaped into the boat, putting on the life belts while we clear away the falls.

"All ready there?"
"Ay! All ready, sir."
"Lower away; roundly there!" and as the ship rolls to starboard and the boat nearly touches the water, "Slip!" yells the commander, but one of the patent books does not work, the boat is

Smashed to Matchwood,

and fifteen more men are struggling with the cruel, pitiless waves. Fourteen of these were rescued, some badly injured. We could still see a few of our shipmates clinging to the overturned boat and wreckage. Some of the men volunteered to go away in the whale-boat, but the captain said she could not live, and enough lives had been sacrificed.

We managed to get a few under our lee, and some of the men went over with lines around them and saved their shipmates. Among the lost were two sub-lieutenants, both of noble families, and a strict Puritanical Christian. The coxswain, one of the officers, Mr. Innes, was much beloved by the men, for he was kind and courteous to all. In life a true gentleman, he died a true nobleman, for he, with two men, were on the boat till, finding she could not keep the three afloat, he

Left Her, and Lost His Life in consequence.

The Christian coxswain's death was very much commented upon, for he died trying to cheer the rest.

The ship was very gloomy for a few days, but that soon wore off; sailors get over such troubles quickly. I was stationed on the minnow royal yard; then made leading hand, and as I developed into a very fast runner, I was shifted to the main royal yard, in the same position. I loved sail and spar drill, and was delighted when performing dangerous feats of activity.

I was eighteen months in the Arctide, and was one out of a hundred and twenty boys who joined her. Three of that number left her as A.B. I was the youngest of the three; the other two are warrant officers in the service to-day. I had a letter from one a little while ago, who is a gunner in the Naval Depot, Portsmouth, England.

Just about that time I got into a serious scrape. I broke one of the most stringent rules in the navy, and got three months in Lewis Naval Prison. I was eighteen and a half years old at the time. It was a terrible punishment; but though so hard, I could not help indulging in a little fun occasionally.

One afternoon while at shot drill, a warden who was the proud, happy possessor of a beautifully-ornamented nose, the like of which I have never seen (except on the front page of a certain secular paper, more humorous than instructive), happened to look over a wall at the end of the drill yard.

I got a side view of the handle to his face. It looked so funny I could not resist the temptation to speak, so just whispered loud enough for a few of the men close to me to hear:

"Twix His Dugle."

They looked and were instantly convulsed. It was enough to make a dog laugh, but I managed to keep a straight face and looked very innocent and demure, for I saw the warden taking their numbers. Next day five men were in dark cells, while I, who had caused the trouble, got full rations. At last my time was served and I returned to the receiving ship, where a letter awaited me from my mother, who had found out about my imprisonment, owing to my half pay having been stopped. Poor mother! She thought it a dreadful thing to be in prison. I explained to her that it

was not a criminal prison, and that I was not a criminal; but it did not satisfy her, and she begged pitifully that I would be good and not get into such a place again. After a week in the receiving ship I found myself drafted to the "Victor Emanuel," line-of-battle ship of the old school, as superannuated, for the gold coast.

The Ashantee War

had started, and on reaching Cape Coast Castle I was sent to the flag ship Active, Commodore Hewitt, afterwards Sir W. R. W. Hewitt, Full Admiral. I got my old number, 217 leading hand of main royal yard.

Shortly after joining the ship I happened to do something that looked a bit difficult, though I do not remember that it required any great talent or courage. Any way, a great fuss was made about it; all hands called aft; myself fell out amidships and publicly commended and promoted to leading seaman. I was nineteen years and four months old, probably the youngest man in the service holding that rate.

(To be Continued.)

Harvest Festival Sunday at Old No. 1, Richmond Street.

Determined with the comrades to make the most of the opportunity, we pitched in at the open-air in the morning for half-an-hour, and poured out hot shell as fast as the fire in our hearts could manufacture words to convey the truths of God shot for the sinner. Urging the people to decision on the spot, we made for the barracks after an effort to get penitents to the drumhead in the street.

Found building not only nicely decorated, but containing a really large, varied and beautiful array of goods, fruits, cereals, vegetables and plants. Captain Wiseman had gone as far as twenty miles in the country with another comrade, and their enterprise had been well rewarded. Considering circumstances, number and wealth of soldiers, the display compares favorably, if it does not surpass, the effort of all other corps in the city of Toronto, showing that where there's a will, there's a way, despite surrounding circumstances.

Our morning meeting was a refresher at God's altar.

Afternoon, we gathered at corner of corner Esther and Queen, and during our hour's open-air meeting, enrolled six soldiers under the blood-and-fire flag, took up an offering, and made a determined attempt to influence all for God and salvation.

Another couple were enrolled at the inside meeting, and men—old soldiers—repeated texts; sisters—old soldiers—sang solos, and new soldiers gave testimonies in relays.

A heavy storm prevented open-air at night, but not the march. Inside meeting was unique and successful. Following plan, with variation in singing, as laid down in "Harvest Home Meeting in Was Can, by the end of the first meeting, deep silence and conviction rested on the people, and following up the advantage God had given, with a determined intention to fight the battle to the end, we had the joy, before ten o'clock, of seeing three souls ground their arms of rebellion, get through and testify, and also managed to secure a special thank-offering collection when this was out of the way. We thanked our God for the joy of seeing some souls born again.

Richmond Street corps feels the spirit for aggression on the devil's domains burning in their souls, and No. 1. will yet blossom again as a beautiful garden of usefulness in God's vineyard.

ADJUTANT MILLER.

ERRATA.

Captain M. Green, of Edmonton, writes us explaining that the photo which Provincial Officer Read sent us of a procession in Edmonton was not a representation of an Army march, as we thought, but a picture of the St. Jean Baptiste Society's procession. We regret the mistake occurred.

EAST ONTARIO TENT

(Continued)

At 9:30 Tuesday morning we went to the town of Prescott to that town from Algonquin way much, for in addition to money and the much-needed, which seemed to us and strength into our belated strain of awakening Order's troublers.

Arriving at our destination, we (with an Army of the dark-board) about Oct. 21st full of faith. We gave Lieutenants G. a welcome into our midst, who had just arrived, specific corps, namely, I.

It would have been a terrible, with our tents. At the rear of the High Holy-shaded place of the property of the High School, the Army were in their tent by the city and the manner manifested.

Wednesday we went to night. An open-air was held in the tent for cleaning. With our drum they started off, who were dead in sin, and meetings at 8 p.m. especially a blessing to Oshole brother who knew and cried for mercy. He following service and gave new-found joy.

Thursday night was much conviction noticed. Mr. and Captain Osburn, all, was over on Canada's united in this meeting. Rev. Mr. Hughes, the late of Prescott, also adding for a short time, speak of the Salvation Army.

Friday, three p.m., holy well attended. At 7:30 p.m., a rather of interesting march wended the main streets to the open camp part was to a camp holding two ropes to a mass of black bark, and the dressy clothes-line, passed out of Lieutenants Carter the interesting part came in the related the story in the shape with which one of us was going to have America who heard the touched, that he gave the \$2.00 for collection. Ensign from Brockville, also arriving. One for salvation.

Sunday was announced and musical festival preparations had to be made. Sunday night, but we were by our desired end.

At the time appointed, a gathered together, some of these, one had coming from

"God be with you till we meet."

was sung very effectively and friends as they were of the streets on their way home.

Sunday knee-drill was on who came out for an early, much larger number met. One for salvation.

The afternoon and evening of spirit and life.

There being an excursion from Prescott to Alexandria, we (with the Salvation) had not the privilege to sleep (Sunday night), but from morning until 8:30 a.m., all, we were all busy, some, carrying the needs from tents, and many other things. Captain Ode, of Montreal, was here for the occasion. We went to Ogdensburg on a number of soldiers, likewise at Brockville. The meetings were conducted by Scott.

EAST ONTARIO
TENT MEETING.

(Continued.)

At 9:30 Tuesday morning we were on our way to the town of Prescott. The journey to that town from Algonquin was enjoyed very much, for in addition to the beautiful scenery and the much-appreciated country music, which seemed to put fresh vigor and strength into our being, we had a constant strain of awakening music from Lieut. Carter's trombone.

Arriving at our destination in blood and fire style (with an Army flag at each side of the dash-board) about 1 p.m., we found Capt. Stala full of faith.

We gave Lieutenants Gilroy and Wilson a welcome into our midst as fellow-travelers, who had just arrived from their respective corps, namely, Kingston and Picton.

It would have been a treat to see us as we arrived, with our tents, baggage, etc. At the rear of the High School there is a newly-shed piece of land, which is the property of the High School Board, and upon this the Army were permitted to pitch their tent by the city authorities, who in this manner manifested such great kindness.

Wednesday we went in with all our might. An open-air was followed by a holiness meeting in the tent, with one soul in coming. With cornets, trombone and drum they started off to awaken those who were dead in sin, returning for salvation meetings at 8 p.m., which was especially a blessing to the poor Roman Catholic brother who knelt at Jesus' feet and cried for mercy. He returned to each following service and gave evidence of his newfound joy.

Thursday night was well attended, and much conversion noticed. Adjutant Walder and Captain Cusbin, from American soil, were over on Canada's fair shore, and assisted in this meeting.

Rev. Mr. Hughes, the Methodist minister of Prescott, also addressed the meeting for a short time, speaking very highly of the Salvation Army movement.

Friday, three p.m., holiness meeting was well attended.

At 7:30 p.m., a rather comical, yet very interesting march wound its way through the main streets to the open-air stand. The march was led by Staff-Captain Sharp holding two ropes in his hand, one made of birch bark, and the other an ordinary clothes-line, passed around the neck of Lieutenants Carter and Wilson, and the following part came when Staff-Captain related the story in connection with the ropes with which one of our recent converts was going to hang himself. An American who heard the story was so touched, that he gave the Staff-Captain \$2.50 for collection. Rosign McNamara, from Brockville, also arrived for this meeting. One for salvation.

Saturday was announced for an ice cream social and musical festival. Considerable preparations had to be made for the forthcoming meeting, but we succeeded in gaining our desired end.

At the time appointed, a large crowd had gathered together, some from a long distance, one lead coming from Algonquin.

"God be with you till we meet again."

We sang very effectively by our Algonquin friends as they were driving through the streets on their way home.

Sunday knee-drill was enjoyed by those who came out for an early blessing, while a much larger number met for holiness meeting. One for salvation, and one for holiness.

The afternoon and evening services were full of spirit and life.

There being an excursion on Monday from Prescott to Alexandria Bay, in connection with the Salvation Army, we had not the privilege to sleep that night (Monday night), but from 11:15 Monday morning until 8:30 a.m., when the boat left, we were all busy, some pulling down tents, carrying the seats from tent to benches, and many other things.

Captain Oiler, of Morrisburg (same place as here for the excursion. From Prescott we go to Ogdensburg, U.S.A., then on a number of soldiers with their families, as well as at Brockville. The meetings were conducted by Brigadier-General Scott.

After a short rest over night at the Park, we started out for our next appointment, which was Grindstone Island, U.S.A., saying good-bye to the Brigadier, Staff-Captain, and Captain and Lieutenant Morrison. Some the boat steamed out, and the last of our comrades was last to wave, and the boat of our destination was seen.

At night there was a large crowd in attendance, with one soul for salvation.



COMMISSIONER COOMBS.

The Commissioner, at the International, spoke as follows:—

"My dear General and comrades, I can't tell you how very much I have appreciated the opportunity of coming to the Old Land again. It is now nearly ten and a-half years since I had my first commission in a foreign land; it is nearly nineteen years since I gave God my heart in a Salvation Army barracks; and it is now nearly seventeen years since I prayed

A Prayer of Miles Long

up to this city, when I came to take my first appointment as an officer in the Army. I am very well satisfied with the Salvation Army; I am very well pleased with Jesus; and I am very glad to put on record here to-night that the eight that changed me most in a sinner at the Cross. I do thank God that I am found here to-night without any doubts concerning the Army, that God Almighty has comforted me in it, and kept me in it, and the more I see of it the more I love it. (Volleys.) God helping me, I intend to go forward trying to get everybody I can to come and submit themselves to the Saviour and help us in the great fight in which we are engaged. I was immensely pleased with the C.P. demonstration, but one of the things that impressed me most was the fact that, after all, I had not seen the Army, but only a bit of it. Certainly it was a grand piece of it, but it was not the Army as a whole. The Army is too big to be seen by the human eye. Only God Almighty and the people who have gone to the other side can see the Army, and we shall never see it and understand it until we join the loved ones who have gone before. Still, I do thank God for the bit I have seen, not only in this country, but in various parts of the world; and I believe now, as I have believed all along, that

God is Going to Help us to Save the World.

"A little reminiscence, General, with your permission. I shall never forget the time when God used you to inspire my heart. I remember you taking hold of my arm and walking down the street with me when I was a lad, nearly eighteen years ago, in my native town, where God saved me and put me right. You gave me advice as to the future, and the words you spoke to me then inspired my heart, and have been an inspiration to me many, many times since. Thank God, I have had the opportunity of sitting in those council meetings and listening to the words you have uttered, and I have promised God that if He would help me I would take back to my dear comrades in Australia something of what you have said, even if you came and said all those things over again. I do trust that God Almighty will clothe those words with Holy Ghost power so that they may enter into the hearts of my comrades as your utterances, clothed with Pentecostal power, have gone to mine. I cannot leave you, my dear General, and you, my dear old comrades, without saying how very much I appreciate all the kindness I have received at your hands in all departments; a feeling of sweet and blessed comradeship has existed between us, and it has done me very much good. We now take our departure feeling that we are leaving brothers and sisters behind us belonging to the same big family, all united in the bonds of love, set on fire by the same Holy Ghost, and full of the same burning desire to win the world for God. Truly, my God, my General, and my comrades may depend upon me, though but a poor, weak little I may be." (Prolonged volleys.)

the island, while Captain Burrows went back to Clayton to get the tent, which was supposed to be there from Alexandria Bay, but no account of it was available, so your humble servant had to return without the building to hold his meeting in; but God always opens up a way, as He did in this case, for our kind friends had given us the privilege using their church, which we did until our tent was found.

Our first meeting, therefore, was held in the church on Tuesday night, when God came very near. Three held up their hands, expressing their desire to become followers of Him Who died.

Wednesday afternoon a profitable holiness meeting was held, and a musical service at night, which was largely attended. The music was rendered principally by the Gananquoque string band, interspersed with hymns and solos from the officers and soldiers.

Rev. Mr. Baldwin, Baptist minister from the U.S.A., spoke of his seven years' friendship with the Salvation Army, and he loves it dearly to-day.

The meeting closed with great joy in the hearts of God's people over victories won.

God came and delivered three souls from the bondage of sin, while others were hailing us with two opinions.

Thursday the fourteenth was now being found and brought to the tent, therefore, Thursday night meeting was the last in the church.

Friday, three p.m., in tent. Large crowd and good meeting, led by the Lieutenants.

At night there was a large crowd in attendance, with one soul for salvation.



prove that even then His grace was sufficient.

After all had finished, or given their testimony, and Bible reading was over, the Rev. Mr. Short came forward, stating that he could not think of allowing the meeting to close without giving in his personal testimony, which he did, moreover promising to come over from Clayton and helping us if we would only remain another week.

Now for prayer. Someone prays. God answers prayer. Yes, here they come. A little more prayer, faith, and exhortation, and four souls cry to God for salvation. What a jubilee! We all rejoice, and sing, "Go call the neighbors in and tell them what the Lord has done."

Thus we close our week's campaign with twenty-three for salvation and cleansing.

Moreover, we close our six weeks of tent meetings with fifty-seven souls for salvation and thirty for cleansing. We will return to Kingston on Friday, and receive our marching orders.

CAPT. W. H. BURROWS.

Startling Statistics.

At a certain meeting, at which about 600 people were present, the following test was made:—

How many had been converted before they were twenty years of age, 200 responded; between twenty and thirty, 150; between thirty and forty, fifteen; between forty and fifty, seven; over fifty, one.

How important to decide for Christ now!

The following are some of the testimonies given in reference to the instrumentalities used in their conversion:—

No. 1. My mother's influence, and a little boy of mine, dying. He asked me to take him in my arms, and as I did, with a smile on his face, he said, "Don't you hear the angels singing?" I vowed I would serve God and meet him in heaven.

No. 2. I went to an Army meeting to scoff, but on hearing an old man of seventy-six testify I was struck with conviction, and sought God.

No. 3. I attended revival services, and was cutting up, when the thought came to me, "I am getting very reckless, and God may cut me off." I sobered up, and soon sought the Lord.

No. 4. By hearing my teacher reading and talking of the three Hebrew boys I was so moved with a desire to be like them, that as I was going home I went into the bush, knelt down and told God when I got big enough I would serve Him. Shortly after I came out at special services and sought pardon.

No. 5. By hearing a father talking to his son.

No. 6. The happiness and earnestness of some Christians.

No. 7. Home influence and training.

No. 8. A praying mother. I accidentally came upon her one day as she was praying in her room, and I felt I would like to be like her.

No. 9. Reading the Bible.

No. 10. A praying mother.

Many others also testified to the influence of mother.

I noticed that human agency was used in nine cases out of ten. One half were influenced by home training, which shows the importance of it in every home. Give children a good training and send them out on the world (old the leader) and they will find the above every time.

The other conversions were from very simple occurrences, with but few exceptions.

That teacher, hearing in after years of the pupil praying in the bush, said, "Why did you not tell me, Johnnie; I thought I was talking in vain that day, and was discouraged with my class."

Let us plod on, comrades. In open-air and inside let us keep the salvation of God before the people. A constant dropping wears the hardest stone. Change your tactics now and then. On, battalions of the Lord, to victory.

CAPTAIN F. MCKENZIE,
Parry Sound.

Halifax, I.—On Thursday night three recruits were enrolled as soldiers of this corps, and four souls came to the Cross. On Sunday one soul for sanctification and three for pardon. Praise God.—Sergeant-Major OASBY.

Hamilton.—The work in the Ambitious City is moving ahead. The soldiers are in good fighting trim. Several prisoners have been captured for our King. A special meeting, "Auction Sale of Children," brought a good crowd; each city paper sent a reporter; quite an interest was aroused. An enrolment of recruits takes place to-night. Beginning the Harvest Festival and we have plenty of work ahead.—Major ASHES.

The Devil's Narcotic.

(Continued from page 1.)

He cares naught for the souls of others, and that soul that might have been won for God goes back into

The Darkness of Night.

The devil's opium keeps people at home playing the piano when they should be at the corner of the street preaching salvation, keeps others in the barracks when they should be on the streets, and others slumbering on during the early Sunday morning prayer-meeting when they should be pleading with God for the salvation of souls.

Such souls are in danger of God's condemnation and disapproval. Jonah-like, they sleep in the storm, but the awaking time will come, and woe to the

Sleepers in Zion.

Oh, that God's Spirit may breathe upon every reader of this Cry and help them to shake off the baneful effects of that indifference which is most hateful to God and deplorable to true men.

Of all dangers to which humanity is exposed, none is more alarming, overwhelming and distinctive than the passion—express-like in its speed, tiger-like in its grip—which so often fatally overtakes the handiwork of God. The frontpiece is certainly very illustrative of this fact.

The most drastic channel in which this flood so readily gives vent to its dictates is drunkenness and opium-smoking.

The existing laws of our country and other countries forbid, yet allow, much. The drunkard misconducting himself upon the public thoroughfares suffers the consequence of his sin, yet the dispensing-house is licensed, affording opportunity for

Further Rebellion.

The man who desires to fill his pockets by the robbing of his fellow-man in the sale of opium, is taxed, yet this cursed stuff finds its way into the Empire of India. In this way the leading Government gathers from the country of which it is held responsible the largest of its revenues. The cry which proceeds from those below who desire to free themselves continually rings in the ear of those who have once heard. These and others are the ways in which this ghastly beast finds its in or outlet. Anyone who has once visited some of the foremost metropolises of the leading countries of the world with say

Grain of Morality.

even quite apart from anything broader, cannot help but feel broken-hearted on account of the dens existing almost next door to the building wherein justice is administered. No wonder, in many respects man, woman and child appear cruel in their actions towards and dealings with their fellows.

No excuse, however, is to be found in the fact so stated by some, that no help is to be found and care administered because this lust is inherited and that, therefore, they are not accountable. This statement would be correct if a conquering power had not been provided, and if a God, a Father understanding all and making due allowance for our besetment were not ever present to impart grace, making its recipient a victor over every passion and lust.

Much sympathy is undeniably due to the captive, but he or she can, praise God, be made not only a conqueror but a child of Jehovah, doing always His Will.

When you think of the poor people who are damned already; who have gone to hell from your own door, or your own neighborhood, are you satisfied? Can you rest feeling satisfied that you did what you could for them? When you go to bed at night and think of the thousands around you who will go to sleep on the brink of the bottomless pit, are you satisfied that you have done during that day what you could to wake them up?—The General.

The Lesson of the General's Jubilee.

Perhaps, the chief lesson of all the Jubilee teaching is that the Army exists essentially for the low-estate of every tribe and nation. Some organizations may be able to demonstrate that their mission is to the world's high-estate. Others may prove that they are called for both high and low. But our General's Jubilee has proved nothing at all if not that God has raised up especially to be the saviors of the poor, the starving, the vile, the outcast—the peasant, the convict, the drunkard, the murderer, the thief. In the language of India—the out-of-caste, the leper-caste, the wild aboriginal, the down-trodden Hindu, Mahan, Chaman, Pariah, or Yachan—The War Cry.

Montreal Barracks

RENDERED CHEERFUL, BRIGHT, AND ATTRACTIVE

By a Placid Application of Common Sense and New Paint.

RE-OPENED BY MRS. BOOTH,

Who Also Commenced the Wedding Ceremony of

CAPTAIN LARTER AND CAPTAIN TOWELL; VISITS THE SHELTER AND RESCUE HOME AND RAISES

470 Dollars!

SCHEME NO. 25.

Some years ago the barracks on Alexander Street were erected to supply a long felt want in this city. Accommodation was scarce, especially for the Salvation Army. Rents were very high and landlords dubious about leasing their buildings to that noisy crowd.

After being moved here and there for three years our barracks were erected. Fortifications were pitched high, someter procession, splendid crowds; everything went with a will.

Years have rolled by. What has been done?

Within the walls many a broken-hearted soul has poured forth supplication to Him Who never refused to hearken to the penitent's plea.

In open conflict the forces of hell have often been defeated, souls redeemed, back-owners brought home, weaklings made strong through the showers of blessings and the receiving of the Holy Ghost.

A Good Record!

Time brings changes, and among these it was patent to the most casual observer that a speedy renovation was necessary.

Amongst the Jubilee Schemes, the Commandant decided to include this effort as one of the fifty.

"MONTREAL BARRACKS TO BE RENOVATED AND PAINTED THROUGHOUT." This read the Cry.

Immediately upon receiving the assurance that this proposal was to be put through, Brigadier McLean commenced to gather the needed. He has worked sedulously right along.

Tenders for carpentering, painting, and steam-fitting were accepted as follows:—Carpentering, \$170; painting, \$210; fixing chimneys, pipes, boiler, grates, etc., \$104.50; total, \$484.50.

At last the work was finished sufficiently to arrange for the re-opening.

The Daily Papers

announced all particulars, and right through have shown a marked consideration toward this effort.

September 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday were finally chosen as the three special days.

Besides the re-opening an event of great importance was to take place, and that was

A Hallelujah Wedding.

Captain Albert William Larter and Annie Agnes Towell were to be united.

Brigadier Scott with Staff-Captain Sharp was on hand for the march on Saturday evening. Brass band to the front.

In the French barracks we had a splendid meeting, lively singing, volley firing, sharp-shooting, with a little French intermixed.

Did you ever see and hear Adjutant Rivers? If not then try to have that privilege at the earliest opportunity.

Commencing with knee-drill on Sunday a real profitable day was spent.

In the French barracks a powerful holiness meeting at eleven a.m., the Staff-Captain reading from the Word the conditions on which perfect love could be obtained. One soul claimed deliverance.

The afternoon march was certainly a superior one. "What are those ladies going to do?" asks the small boy. Only a moment more than the little fellow's curiosity was satisfied. They lead the singing, accompanied by the timbrels. This was the first appearance of our brand new

Timbrel Band.

A large crowd gathered inside at three p.m. for a bright and cheerful free-and-easy

meeting. It went with a bang. All of God's faithful soldiers put a move on.

At night, splendid march, with a short open-air meeting on Victoria Square, where a large crowd was spoken to of the love of Christ, whilst one of the city police carefully noted the proceedings, awaiting one of the soldiers to stand still a moment, when it would give him sufficient cause to run him in.

Upon arriving at the barracks we continued the service.

"And they shall come which are ready to perish, and worship the Lord in His holy mountain." Thus read Staff-Captain Sharp from the Bible, following along with an earnest appeal to those who felt "ready to perish."

Brigadier McLean exhorted the crowd to forsake the seeking after things pertaining to this life and prepare for eternity.

That simple chorus,

"Whilst the heavenly, heavenly music sounds sweetly through the air,"

was sung over and over.

Captain Fox alluded to the cleansing of the blood as essential for purification.

Clear hearts meant bright, cheerful lives.

Brigadier Scott closed,

"Blessed, I know Thou hast said."

Then Mrs. McLean spoke of her first determination not to rest until from sin her soul was freed.

Our Provincial Officer laid down the path in confidence with the lesson, carefully noting every detail. Jesus died for others, not Himself.

He Died for Me.

One young man volunteered for God. Then a glorious wind-up, praising God for His blessing through the day.

MONDAY NIGHT.

Of course there was a banquet. Thanks to those who gave the food, those who labored, those who in many ways contributed to this splendid success. After the pang of hunger had been satisfied there was a lively march. Both brass and timbrel bands were on hand to make this a memorable business.

Long before it arrived at the barracks every point of vantage in the hall had been secured. Then as the hurricane drives everything before it, so did the march. Our candles had their hands fall for the place was packed. Fire a volley! Loud and long echoed this token of welcome as Mrs. Booth was escorted to the platform with

The Happy Couple

and their aides, with the Brigadier, Adjutant Jones, and Adjutant Rivers. Whilst at prayer Mrs. Booth closed. Music and song sweetly blended held the audience as still as death almost, and as the words were ringing clearly through the building many hearts were awakened to the truth.

Expecting to hear some sweet music, many strangers had come in, and as Mrs. Booth sang they were not disappointed. In continuing a chorus, the audience were a little slow, hence Mrs. Booth requested them to use more power.

"Sing it again friends, the ice is melting."

Christians should be bright and cheerful, not as cold as ice. Salvationists give testimonies, they may not be able to talk or preach, but they can work. Several good cases testified to God's power through Christ to save and keep; this was interspersed with war-choruses and a few neatly arranged anecdotes; the whole under the able leadership of Mrs. Booth.

It was very enjoyable, especially to those who realized the value of what they were singing. The fact that

A Woman was to Assist

in the wedding of two officers was commented upon by the leader who scored many good points.

Brigadier Scott introduced the happy couple to the people, by stating that each had been a loyal, faithful Salvationist. As soldiers they had fought in their separate corps. Then after being called officers they had served the cause of the Master for thirteen years between them.

Captain Larter came out of Galt, and had had the following stations:—Toronto Cadet, Norwood, Kingston, and Bath as Lieutenant, Trenton, Brighton, Platoon, Morrisburg and Montreal I. as Captain.

Captain TOWELL came out of Platoon and has been stationed as follows:—Cadet at Oshkosh, Richmond and Montreal II. Captain at Stanstead, Knowlton, M. Oshkosh, Kamptville, Oshawa, Millbrook, and Trow.

The duties of a husband to his wife, and those of the wife to her husband, were here described in a neat and pleasant manner, amusing to all, whether they had experienced the same or not; every word was

The Unvarnished Truth.

Before commencing the marriage ceremony we read together the 23rd Psalm.

After the articles of war had been read, the couple who were to be united were asked to stand forth. This done the service continued, Rev. Mr. McDe Grady finishing the same, declaring Albert W. Larter the lawful wedded husband of Annie Agnes Towell.

Mrs. Booth then introduced Mrs. Captain Larter to the assembly, who still resided in warlike slumbers of their danger. Hallelujah! Captain Larter told us how he had drunk in the advice given by Mrs. Booth; he also repeated his declaration, promising to be true to God and the Army.

Another march and a big supper to which our welcome visitor, Mrs. Booth, sat down with us.

FRAGMENTS ADDED TO THE REPORT.

The wedding ceremony was very prettily conducted, Mrs. Booth always seeming to know just what to do at the fittest moment, and never at a loss in the tiniest detail of the service. I have heard her sing many times, but never with such pleasure as on this occasion. Her singing goes right down to the bottom of one's heart, and you're left with a feeling of what a pity she has to stop, but perhaps this is selfish.

Toiled in the most expressive and truthful word to convey to the minds of others something of the way, the unceasing way Mrs. Booth worked. After the night's meeting, next day ought to have been a rest, considering the travelling the previous night, and on the coming night, but not a bit of it. Up and off, begging as hard as she could. Up flights of stairs that in length almost frightened one to look up; office after office, house after house; couldn't wait for the elevator. I overheard her say, "Life's too short to wait for it to come down." Now in the offices before the affair reached the landing, pleading the cause of the poor; coming away, having dispersed doubts, cleared fog, and misty impressions, as false as ridiculous, and with a roll of dollar bills, or a cheque, or a small donation to help the dear officers clear their debt, or provide an extra lodging at Joe Beef's for some weary one, or to lighten the care of some one who was in trouble through being short of the needful to carry on the war.

Over \$406 is no mean sum, and all this in the rain. Of the amount Mrs. Booth collected personally \$320 was given to clear the debt on the Joe Beef Lighthouse, \$60 was collected to pay off the corps debt, and \$20 handed to Captain House for the Montreal Rescue Home. Someone suggested that Mrs. Booth should go home at once and get dry-shod. "But," was the reply, "perhaps if I call on a few more people I can get a little more money, and we are so poor, there is such a need." The feelings were once more put aside, and the needs only considered. This was a time when most people would have been in, after getting splashed with mud and soaked with rain; instead we only saw her return to the quarters in time to get a hurried little meal and change clothes previous to taking the train to return to Toronto.

This was not all. Reporters interviewed her very kindly. Deeply interested questions had to be answered, the work explained, and various calls attended to. Universal kindness might be written upon all the many enquiries, callers, and those with whom Mrs. Booth came in contact—but then, who would not be kind to Mrs. Booth?

The Rescue Home was not left out in the cold. Mrs. Booth looking carefully into things, suggesting here, helping there, seeing the officers personally, holding a little meeting with the girls, and crowding upon herself the work of almost a week in that short visit. I can only attribute it to the fact that she has so large a heart that she cannot refuse anyone who claims a share in her interest, needs a helping hand, a word of encouragement, a "God bless you," and a warm, loving smile and hand-shake.

THE COM

LEAT
An Enthusiast
Assembly at
Stre

A really good time at Lippincott United last Wednesday. It was previous to starting off to join the General, these faithful comrades had stood the test and to wear the insignia of the Army, and they were with keen sympathy spoke of the various new ruling them among prospects for the future was a good program of to lay before the soldiers came by one of the the Allan Line in order to land, which pre for our Newfound

He will be met ag through Ontario and Commandant at Vancouver earnestly ask make the General's w of continual prayer. before that God wo the General's visit i and wonders, by givin revival we all so long

A solo and some g "gates" helped up to the meeting while the conflict at the close w of raking together th and helping to produ tion blood.

God bless and go w Newfoundland, and w the Terenontians will of Mrs. Commanda battles of the Lord.

A GOOD-BYE TEA

IN CONNECTION

Commandan

— TO —

MEET THE C

"At 6 p.m. on Thurs the announcement com aprising the Headq of the little to be held in connectio mandant's leaving su six weeks. During th over, a second note time had been exten Father Time had relea the archives of the t some minutes before confronted by obstac pleasure to tackle, a easy victory, particu had entered into a sor their epigrammatic facu the. The facilities m in many cases, approv of the contract; but t in the general good f that existed, especiall tary figure and genia our esteemed leader s on the scene, and wh further misgivings. Gr then, like heroes, we slough, seldom hav complete victory. Two and a blessing from t up a happy time at the Armed with a chair threaded his or her w ment to the small roo of the Theatrical s on gathering at the was very good by t

THE COMMANDANT

LEADS

An Enthusiastic Soldiers' Assembly at Lippincott Street.

A really good time was experienced at Lippincott United Soldiers' Assembly last Wednesday. The Commandant, previous to starting on his long journey to join the General, desired to meet these faithful comrades whose devotion he stood the test and who still delight to wear the insignia of the good old Army, and they were there listening with keen sympathy, as our leader spoke of the various items of interest now raising them amongst us and of his prospects for the future. Truly there was a good program of accomplishments to lay before the soldiers. The General comes by one of the smallest boats on the Allan Line in order to call at Newfoundland, which proves his affection for our very Newfoundlanders.

He will be met again after his tour through Ontario and the States by our Commandant at Vancouver. The Commandant earnestly exhorted us all to make the General's whole tour a matter of continual prayer. He dared to believe that God would own and bless the General's visit by showing signs and wonders, by giving us that mighty revival we all so long and pray for.

A solo and some good "singing alto" helped up the enthusiasm of the meeting while the terrific prayer-rainfall at the close was a good means of raking together the coals in the fire and helping to produce a glorious Salvation Mass.

God bless and go with our leader to Newfoundland, and while he is absent the Torontoians will rally to the help of Mr. Commandant Booth in the battle of the Lord.

A GOOD-BYE TEA & MEETING

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

Commandant's Trip

— TO —

MEET THE GENERAL.

"At 6 p.m. on Thursday."—Such was the announcement contained in the note springing the Headquarters and city officers of the little tea and meeting to be held in connection with the Commandant's leaving us for an absence of six weeks. During the afternoon, however, a second note stated that the time had been extended to 7 p.m., but Father Time had relegated that hour to the archives of the things of the past, some minutes before we found ourselves confronted by obstacles which gave us pleasure to tackle, and afforded us an early victory, particularly to those who had entered into a sort of contract with their epigonic faculties to ration at six. The facilities mentioned did not, in many cases, approve of the violation of the contract; but acquiesced at once in the general good feeling and jollity that existed, especially when the military figure and genial countenance of our esteemed leader suddenly appeared on the scene, and which prevented any further misgivings. Grace was sung, and then, like heroes, we rushed to the onslaught; seldom have we seen a more complete victory. Two or three choruses and a blessing from the Throne wound up a happy time at the table.

Armed with a chair each one present threaded his or her way from the basement to the small room on the second floor of the building, and found for themselves a place. After a song we were urged by the Commandant

to ask for great things at the Throne of Grace, which we were approaching at that moment. Who shall say that those earnest petitions, carried on the wings of faith, did not meet with our Heavenly Father's approbation? and who shall say that He did not answer them?

The mellowing influence pervading the whole room, the illuminated countenances, the fervent, heartfelt testimonies given, spoke of the fact that heaven had come down and that each one present was the recipient of some fresh blessing, some further light, and a more perfect equipment for the great warfare in which our lot is cast. The Commandant said he did not wish to say much, but with a few beautiful, appropriate remarks he struck the key. The meeting from that point developed into a glorious euphony of praise and glory to God. Many testimonies were given in which the power of God to save and to keep those who put their trust in Him was magnified.

One pleasing feature of the meeting, and one which served to show the spirit which characterized it, was the enthusiastic hand-clapping welcome which was given to Adjutant Southall, who stated "he was glad that in the Providence of God and the Commandant's kind consideration he was privileged again to fight beneath the folds of the good old flag." The Commandant explained how the Adjutant had applied for re-acceptance and had offered to take any position he saw fit to give him. He (the Commandant) felt it was possible for him to give the Adjutant a position on the Staff of the Army. All the way through the meeting was full of action and blessing.

The Commandant's closing remarks were very practical, and were calculated to cause all of us to examine our hearts, and in the prayer-meeting that followed, we believe all were led to give themselves to God in a fuller sense than ever before. Many prayers were offered for the Commandant on his journey; for the General that he might be brought safely into our midst, and privileged to see some mighty victories won on Canadian soil; and for Mrs. Booth (whose absence was regretted) who would take the helm in the Commandant's absence.

The Commandant was commissioned to carry the affectionate greetings of his Canadian officers and troops to the General, and give him ten thousand welcomes to the Dominion.

Who, you think how Jesus Christ's love and sacrifice are despised, do you get rest by thinking that you are doing what you can with your time and money and family and ability, to bring the soul rebellion of the devil to an end, and bring the rebellious world to His feet.—The General.

If you have faith, trust Him; if not, then test Him.

The more holiness, the more love to God and saints.

For every "I need" in me, there is an "I am" in Christ.

If God loves you, you need not fear what men can do unto you.

I have a great need of Christ; but I have a great Christ for my need.

If you are a tree of the Lord's planting, you can grow straight anywhere.

That man cannot be upright before God who is unjust in his dealings with men.

The Holy Spirit can find no home in the heart of a professor who loves and lives in sin.

The Spirit's witness in the Word calls for holiness; His witness in the heart produces it.

Faith is obedience resting and looking to the Master; obedience is faith going out to do His will.

IN THE MATTER OF FULL SALVATION.—God is the promoter; the blood of Christ the procuring cause; the Holy Ghost, the active, intelligent agent; the truth, the instrument; faith, the channel; man, the receiver.



LOOK OUT, BRIGADIER! THE CATFISH ARE AFTER YOU!

A Bonfire of Salvation, FAITH, AND FURY

Set Astir by the Commandant and Mrs. Booth

AT THE

TORONTO TEMPLE.

SUNDAY NIGHT.—A large congregation than has assembled for many a long day gathered at our famous Temple, Toronto, on Sunday last. The F.O. is to be commended for the magnificent staff of platform people he has presented the Torontoians with lately, including, as it did on Sunday night, no less persons than the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, besides a positively huge routine of lesser lights.

After the Gospel had been given a halcyon "voluntary," the Commandant and Mrs. Booth and Brigadier Holland entered, and made straight for the platform, where, after the welcome had been given, the Commandant lined out the often-used, but never-worn-out

Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye,
For why will ye die?

In going down to prepare the Commandant asked us to "kneel down before the Lord Jesus, Who is present in this meeting by His Spirit." "The Spirit of that same Jesus, Who, before you were born, planned your salvation, is here." And truly He was. Least, He prayed in tones quivering with compassionate earnestness, and was followed by the P.O. in tones of a man used to talking to God, and certain of victory.

The Commandant anticipated being away to meet the General (applause at the mention of the General)—but was detained, and asked the opportunity to assist Mrs. Booth at this meeting. He read from the Holy Scripture and in his usual thoughtful and original style made the passage flame with a light that not only revealed the inner meaning of the moral historian, but fitted right down to the lives of the present day, who, the higher their social position, the more they needed Christ. At 8:35 Mrs. Booth sang the old favorite,

Bleed in the Fountain of Blood,

and ere long the whole audience was on report. Mrs. Booth followed up her song, which was frequently interrupted with words of exhortation, by a perfect torrent of eloquent appeal, apt illustration and pointed cuts. The Christ Who is able, like the great musician in the illustration, to re-adjust the strings of the broken harp and out of our hearts bring forth entrancing melody was especially good, while the remark about the cross amongst girls for shirt-fronts and neckties was equally as effective in another direction.

The prayer-meeting was a blaze of faith and force. The Commandant and Brigadier De Barritt took the bridge in turn. Sinners sought pardon.

HOW IT STRIKES A STRANGER.

A Second Report.

When I left the far-famed city of Vancouver, settling along the banks of that loveliest of lakes, named after Sir Harry Burrard, I promised the comrades that they should hear of me through the WAR CRY. I don't know of a more opportune time to make a suitable subject to write about than Sunday's Toronto Temple meeting. As I had often wished

down deep in my heart for an opportunity to hear Mrs. Booth, I went to the steamboat office and got a ticket for Toronto. I can assure all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ and His work that I was well repaid, good measure, packed down, and running over, glory to God, for the Salvation Army and for the men and women that have been raised up of God in it.

Seven o'clock knee-drill well attended; was led by Brigadier de Barritt. There was such a power in that meeting, and I may say in the others, too, that I was something like St. Paul when he was caught up to the third heaven. I scarcely knew whether I was in the body or out of it.

Then the holiness and afternoon meetings, led by Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt, was a time of rejoicing. But I am afraid if I stop to describe them my article would be too long, but I must say that the singing troupe and Brother Brown with his melodious voice in

"Give me Jesus"

seemed to sweep everything before them. I saw Brigadier de Barritt and General Jackson from Guelph doing what seemed to me very much like an old-fashioned, down south, Methodist camp meeting hoe-down, and your humble servant could scarce keep from making a three-handed reel of it.

The salvation meeting at night I can never forget. It was led by the Commandant and Mrs. Booth. Not expecting to see the Commandant, to me it was a very pleasant surprise, and I can tell

My Old Friends West

of the rocky mountains that he has lost none of his old-time fire.

As he spoke from the passage in the Book of Kings of the lepers of Samaria, we could see no reason why the whole unconverted portion of the audience did not rise on mass and step out for God.

I shall not try to describe Mrs. Booth's speaking nor her singing, but there is a power and a pathos in it that is simply irresistible. Glory, glory to God for a salvation that puts such music in the soul.

Three well-dressed women came out to the platform. The only surprise is that three hundred did not come, and the members of the Salvation Army in this Dominion ought to thank God night and day for sending us two such gifted, consecrated leaders as the Commandant and Mrs. Booth.

I have been privileged in my time to shake hands with Lieutenant-Governor, Governor-General, Princes and Princesses of the blood royal, the greatest General of this age and ex-President of the United States, but we thought it a greater privilege to shake hands with that prince of the household (Mrs. H. H. Booth) of God than any or all of the rest, and the heart's prayer of your correspondent is that He may long spare Commandant and Mrs. Booth to battle for the right, to lift up the fallen and bring them home to God.

E. H.

Here is Mary, of Magdalene, afflicted and tormented with many devils. She is in their power. They are her master. She is their miserable, unhappy slave. If ever there was a being that seemed hopelessly dead, and out of the reach of life, it was poor Mary; but immediately she meets with Jesus, her eyes open, her ears unstopped, her chains break, her fetter fall, her past is forgotten, her sins are forgiven, out fly the devils, and from that hour she becomes a disciple, fights as a soldier, and is loyal to her Master.—Colonel Lawley.

"THE thorns may be sharp, the enemies may be strong, the road may be rough, but His Word can never fail."

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."—Matthew xvi. 24.



ADJUTANT MAGEE, Light Brigade Provincial Agent for East Ontario.

LIGHT BRIGADE.

A Drunken Husband.

SLUM ANGELS.

You have asked what that little bright-looking box is for? Well, now, my friend, I will tell you. That little tin box represents one of the most magnificent and benevolent organizations under Heaven. Look! On one side you will see the picture of a beautiful lighthouse throwing out light to the shipwrecked, struggling mass of humanity just below. This, my friend, represents our Social Reform institutions, scattered throughout the world in the very darkest corners of the earth.

Nothing will dispel darkness but the coming in of light. This has been proved over and over again.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific the light has come in. In Toronto, Montreal, London, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria, St. John's, Nfld., you will find that the beautiful, pure light of our Rescue Homes has shone in upon the darkness and dispelled the blackness and impurity of sin. Now, my friend, just turn that little tin box around.

Do you see that poor, wretched, drunken woman, with a still more helpless child clasped to her breast. She was once just as good and as true as your own mother or sister, but a capitalist built a large hotel; the council granted the license; the hotel-keeper sold his rum. This poor woman represents thousands of her sex. Here her husband spent his money; he neglected his home, his wife, and his child. With reckless, headlong strides he went to ruin; his home became a hell; his wife trembled as she heard his footsteps; his child shivered and shrieked with terror at the sound of that voice that was once so tender and kind. Time rolled on; that woman that once had such a hatred for drink, driven to despair by her brutal husband, turned to the fatal cup.

The result was swift destruction. The furniture went to the pawn shop; the rent was unpaid; they were turned out in the street. The husband, away on a big spree, hears of his home being broken up, and, instead of standing by his wife's side, is driven by the devil out of town and leaves them to the mercy of the cold world.

She wanders around, and at last, in deepest sorrow and agony, she sits down by the wayside and clasps her shivering, half-starved baby to her breast.

But thank God, help is near. One of our slum angels comes along. She sees her wretched condition. She carries the baby to the Children's Shelter, where loving hands minister to its needs. The poor woman is placed in the Drunkard's Home. The unfaithful husband is searched out and persuaded to go to one of the Army shelters. Loving hearts go out in sympathy for them. The very atmosphere and influences around them are so different; they attend the meetings conducted by our men officers; their hearts are broken; their sins like a mountain rise before them; their city is heard and the poet is forgiven; hopes swell in their hearts. Through

our employment bureau a suitable situation is found for the men. His wife returns to his home once more; their home is now a home of prayer; they are happy and contented as blood-and-fire-uniformed soldiers. This is the work, my friend, that the Army is doing.

If you will just look on the right side of this little box you will find an account of the different institutions now in operation, as well as directions as to where you and your friends may obtain these boxes.

On the left side you will find instructions as to what we would like you to do with it. On the bottom of the box you will find a place for your name and some information as to when the box will be called for, etc. In the top of the box you will find a place to put your contributions. The Commandant and Mrs. Booth have a great interest in these boxes, not only as a means of revenue to this noble branch of the Army work, but also as a lighthouse to unveil to everybody the great good that has been accomplished and the magnificent prospects for the future.

T. S. MAGEE.

A New Use for the Women's Shelter.

SO WEE BIRDIES, STORM-TOSSED, FIND REFUGE.

"Come, love of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

The song from which the preceding verse is a quotation was sung to Mother's great-grandmother through a tiny bird seeking the shelter of his home when pursued by a hawk.

A Shelter Officer Writes:



OLD blew the wind, for there was a big storm the other night. The lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled, while the women came hurrying into the Shelter out of the pouring rain.

As the storm swept on someone noticed some little birds flying underneath the trees. They had found for refuge among its branches, but soon became stunned by the storm, and dropped, apparently dead.

The women were sorry for the poor little birds, and went out in the storm and rescued about fifty. It touched my heart to see how tenderly they handled them. These women have no home of their own, and few friends to love and care for them, and this, I suppose, enabled them to feel such a deep compassion for the poor little birds.

They put them in a basket, and watched over them until the storm was over. Then as they opened the windows and let them go free the birds started up a twitter, as if thanking them for their love.

"Love is the mainspring, the only great moving force of all rightly constructed society."

VICTORIA—On the Upgrade. — On Monday, the 20th, the brass band and soldiers escorted Captain Masson—who has almost completed a second term here—in the wheel, and after several testified to the blessing he had been to them, a few words of prayer were added, asking God to bless and make her a blessing. To most of us it was a final farewell till we arrive at home.

Thursday we welcomed Captain Thomas amongst us, and if we may judge from the valley given, she will have the hearty cooperation of the soldiers.

Sunday was a "hi-hu" day, as the Indians say. From seven a.m. until ten p.m. God's Spirit was with us in power. At knee-drill, one brother, who had got switched off on the down line, came home again, and had his backslidings healed. But the night meeting was the crowning time. One young man who had been at the meetings during the day, convicted, could be plainly seen in his face. The Adjutant dealt with him, but he would not yield then, but promised to do so at night. The Adjutant dealt with him again as for eternity, and left him; he could hold out no longer, out he came and knelt at the foot of the Cross, and laid his weary burden down. He was not there long before he jumped up, dipping his hands, and praising God for a free and full salvation. While he was there dealing with God for himself, two sisters and one of the Marine Artillery—in uniform—came out for salvation. They had not long to wait for it, soon as their all they ventured on the evening floor, the Holy Spirit entered, and they were born of God. So we had a hallelujah wind-up, with five in the fountain for the day. If Major Read—God bless him—had been here, he would have seen that in which his soul delighted, a hallelujah dance by some of the Victoria, B.C., soldiers. —SHERMAN-MAGEE, for S. C.

EDMONTON, N.W.T.—A Day's Fight. — Saturday night the new barracks was opened. It is a neat little building with a seating capacity of two hundred. Knee-drill was a time of blessing. Captain Green opened the meeting by singing. After several prayers, Brother McConnell gave out a song, and Brother F—— started the testimonies; a few words from each one. While the meeting was going on, two six-hundred men slipped into the barracks. The Captain went and spoke to them of Jesus, and gave them the invitation to come to the Cross. Out they came; God met them, and rolled the chain of years away.

The barracks meeting was a time of power. The open-air was well attended. Soldiers and converts marched on with mighty faith.

YORKVILLE—We are having most beautiful open-air here. As I looked in the face of one poor drunkard and saw how sin had blighted his life, it made me more than ever realize the great need of the soldiers of Jesus Christ acting up to their privilege, arming themselves with the whole armor of God, and going forth to the war against darkness and sin.

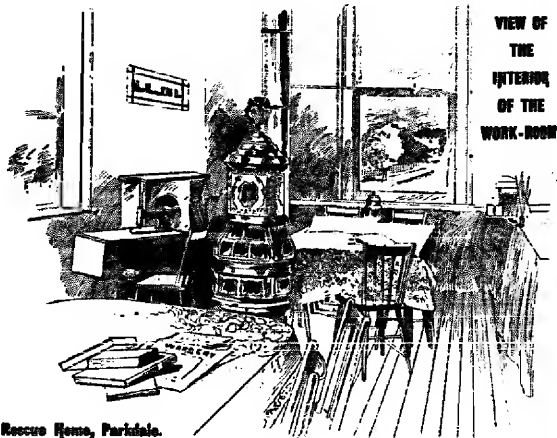
After finishing up we marched to our barracks on Yonge street, led a short meeting, and God blessed us there. But during the testimony meeting I noticed Captain Beckett looking unusually serious. When the evening words came, "Who is in favor of another open-air?" Every hand was up.

We took our stand on Yorkville Avenue, sang a Salvation song, accompanied by Captain Beckett's fiddle, and a nice crowd gathered around. Testimonies were again the order of the day, and one after the other the soldiers stepped forward into the ring and gave their testimony to the saving and keeping power of God.

A collection came next, but at this time in the proceedings the devil began to show his teeth. But he over-acted the mark this time, and we had a good collection on the drum-head. There was some fine chaffing at his stronghold, and altogether we could praise God for a real good time. The effect of Saturday night was thirteen at knee-drill on Sunday morning. Praise God!

The Christian is like the ripening corn: the ripier he grows, the more lowly he bends his head.

Do not handle your faith to see what the texture of it is; handle the rock to see what the strength of it is.



Rescue Home, Paradise.

"Army Work Among Women."

Referring to Mrs. Booth's recent visit to Montreal the *Daily Star*, of this city, says:

"The Salvation Army has brought the much-neglected problem of the rescue of fallen women to a satisfactory conclusion," remarked Mrs. Herbert Booth, daughter-in-law of General Booth, to a *Star* reporter this morning.

He has seen 20,000 unfortunate women have passed through the hands of the Army officers since this branch of the work was established, and seventy per cent. of these cases have turned out satisfactory in every respect. We have eight Rescue Homes in Canada alone, and have now no less than 127 unfortunate women in residence. We treat them kindly, keep them comfortably housed, and try to lead them to see the beauty and the happiness of pure lives. Then

WE KEEP THEM SOBER.

In my old home, Holland, we had a proverb, "Idleness is the devil's ear-cumby," and we find this quaint saying to be true, the more we have to do with these poor sisters of ours."

"What do you find the greatest drawback to this work of yours?"

"Well, there is no doubt on that point. It is the lack of outside sympathy towards these women—the idea which still prevails that if a woman ever falls she must be always bad. It is very hard to find people willing to give aid and comfort to a being bad, but we shall get over that soon of these days, for so many of our girls are proving the thoroughness of their reformation."

Mrs. Booth expressed herself as much encouraged at the sympathy shown by citizens generally in the Montreal Rescue Home. The workers in connection with the Home have only to state a want to have it supplied, while many people make a practice of sending in supplies.

Rescue work now is a new home, and Mrs. Booth says she wishes some benevolent capitalist would make the deficiency good.

Mrs. Booth is also much interested in the Army's scheme for reforming drunken women. The women are taken into the home, washed, clothed, fed, and taught the rules of temperance. In Toronto she had been much amused at one woman who objected to being put in a bath because she had not had a bath for twenty-four years, and if forced she might catch a cold. She had to take the bath or leave the Salvation Home, however, and chose the former.

CEY

Written for the

From a distance of the old geography, the most of the hills ranges of the month amongst as and it is a sure landmark yet the Colombo light the gross power of the vices of the coast. The summit of the



venture, and along the which intersect them till within the last few plastic and valuable under the axe of the sea timber on all the 100 to 4,500 feet and situated coffee estate. The island, though a volcanic formation, had of considerable of great volume. The sea or change of sea their fall well the stream. But when they to their original station rivers which cannot be. Ceylon may be said from the sea, as appears marines shells, which water mark, and at sea

IN AND AROUND

Probable very over think of what is made, or anything. Away back in were want to read China and its school-books had on tea—a hideous picture of a man, with long, mountainous. Two across his shoulders, the last served the purest, impressing on with ideas of the political system.

That was the technical details tea growing and don't interest in its very much there's human and there is. "Wives and mothers fair," than yours have on that dry, leaf, other finger yours have hand.

While it was on the little thin, skinny finger rings on every them, part of bracketed arm, to a skinner boy, in most of the garments, "modest" heavy things in her case, another her neck, and mysterious pro-fereals were at her nose. She would scorn the cover of her feet rings of op-

Silver as a large, hanging back, held on

CEYLON.

Written for the Canadian Cry by Dena Singha.)

Seen from a distance at sea, this "utmost Indian Isle" of the old geography, wears a truly beautiful appearance. The remarkable elevation known as "Adam's Peak," the most prominent, though not the loftiest, of the hilly ranges of the interior, towers like a mountain monarch amongst an assemblage of picturesque hills, and is a sure landmark for the weary navigator, when as yet the Colombo light-house is hidden from sight amidst the green groves of palms that seem to spring from the waters of the ocean.

The summits of the highest ridges are clothed with

which passes over and covers her low forehead. If it rains she covers her glossy, black hair with an old sack or blanket. Effects or combinations of colors don't trouble her much, she has no leanings to aestheticism, her lips are rather thick and her features most irregular. Little expression in her face which is redeemed by her large, deep, black eyes, which have looked on the leaf as she "plucks" and handles her regulation amount, in sun and rain, year in and year out, bones to your bones, flesh to your flesh, bought with the same price, and a temple of the Holy Ghost.

"I've to pay the coolies to-night," said the superintendent of the estate.

some of them had a most sepulchral cough, others with handicaps on their legs, they stood with that dejected air which is common amongst the poor, as they "hang on" at the dock gate, two-penny dose-houses, Army Shelters, or casual wards.

The rain pattered on them and the wind whistled round the gable of the house; some of the coolies had their blankets over their heads, and a few had turbans—black, red or dirty white. The conductor stood by the table to act as teller to the master who read out their names. How they listened, with those wonderful eyes of theirs, fixed alternately on master and conductor, as they answered their names with "Alfer" (equivalent, I suppose, to "Here"), as they stretched out their long, bony arms to receive their wages, which were stored away mysteriously in some corner of the rags that covered them. One or two men wore old military coats which they buy in the cities cheap, and it does seem ridiculous to see spindle-legged coolies, bare-legged and turbaned, attired in an artilleryman's cast-off coat, with enough slack hanging round him to provide hiding-places for one of his children between the coat and his skin.

One little fellow, with his head shaved all but one little tuft on the top, which hung over his forehead, covered with

A Pocket-Handkerchief and a Pair of Earrings.

mused me as he balanced himself on one leg and laid his head on one side to "ease up" the stranger. Another was dressed with two handkerchiefs, one forming his hat, folded his arms, as Napoleon to survey "master's friend," who watched him with the corner of his eye, while he took in an old woman who scolded at something from beneath her beetle-brows, dressed in a red "dhoty," white "saree," which heightened the repulsive look on her face which made me think of the witches in Macbeth.

Close to her stood a young girl in her teens, with regular features, fairly well dressed, with an old sock thrown over her head. The gloomy, black hair, coming from beneath the sock, fell down the side of her face blending with her "jewels" and earrings, which they all wear, gave her a wild appearance, contrasted with mild-looking children evidently belonging to her who clung to her, half frightened at the presence of the strangers.

No pushing, shouting, nor laughing; life is

A Serious Business

with them. They simply took their little money, walked off quietly perhaps to visit the largest part to South India to support parent, or child, or friends, for they are strangers, emigrants, exiles, or whatever you like to call them; poor, dark, benighted Hindoos, Mol-worshippers, closed in by caste laws unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Emigration, to them, is no escape from the old life.

(To be continued.)

Bird Island Cove, Nfld.—Hallelujah! Although for the last two weeks no souls have been saved, we are still in for victory and don't feel like giving up the fight yet. After toiling all day on Sunday the sergeant-major led off a hallelujah finish. The comrades danced and shouted, and even the one-legged prophet treated us to a walk through the barracks on his stump. Read through the lines, Mr. Editor.—Lieutenant Thompson.

ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS.

CHATHAM, N.B.—Such a blessed set of special meetings it has not been my privilege to enjoy for some time.

Just eight years ago two cadets and I stood alone on a street corner here, and God gave us His blessing. He gives it to us still. A number of those saved at that time are soldiers to-day along with those who followed them. Numbers went back to the churches, and too great a number left their God. To-day they are reaping the results of disobedience.

Ensign De-Brisay, another warrior well known here, came to assist. Asist us she did. One dear woman had got wrong through anger, but repenting found forgiveness and restoration.

On Sunday night a goodly number thronged the tent, among the rest a crowd of circus lads, hard and sinful, but remarkably respectful to the Salvation Army. Several of them were backsliders; poor souls!

I wonder who that clown was with his poor painted face, sitting behind the little donkey as the procession passed by on Monday. I couldn't help wondering if he, too, had ever known God and had left the pasture and Shepherd and was trying to fill himself with husks. Oh, these poor souls, these poor souls!

We saw lots of reason for comparing gratefully our lot with the lot of the wandering that day, and we did our best to draw them from their folly.

We had a not dinner ready and hot tea, too, to which over three hundred must have sat down, and we had a blessed meeting at night—a feast of fat things for our souls, or perhaps it would be better to say a great rejoicing amongst the redeemed ones for the fat things constantly enjoyed. An illuminated march, the soldiers arrayed in turbans and chudadas, made the folk stare, and well they might; it was beautifully attractive (and the cotton goes to make sheets and pillow-cases for the quarters). A happy crowd they were, for to-night we were reinforced by Captain Larder, of Newfoundland fame, and Lieutenant Brebant, "little smiley," who had led the anniversary meetings at Newcastle on Sunday, and Newcastle corps were there, too, Henry shouting happy, and all the others, with our own dear stickers.

Some lovely testimonies were given to the glory of God. Some old soldiers, some new ones. Lieutenant Ella England, now resting, spoke effectively on her past and present, and God's power to save and keep. Sweet singing and music was the order of the evening, and Captain Fitzell couldn't seem to keep his feet still.

In the prayer meeting a backslider soon came to Jesus.

One girl, over whom we have wept and prayed, and with whom we have pleaded, couldn't leave the hall, saying she feared it was her last chance. We took her to the quarters with us, and after the stiffest pull we ever saw over one soul, she sought forgiveness. Bless God forever. She has been the victim of the most embroils.

On Tuesday we worked hard awhile, rested a little, and brought up at last at Newcastle. A good open-air was held; splendid crowd, listening and helping in the offering, and then back to barracks. It was a good meeting. Blessed finish in the shape of two souls seeking mercy, gladdened our hearts considerably.

Here Captain Larder and his Lieutenant left us. They are in for getting there at Harvest Festival.

Captain Bowering and wife were expected in Newcastle on Thursday. Captain Allan and her brave Lieutenants did excellent work for God while there.

Home again Wednesday morning, only to leave for children's picnic at Mill Cove, which proved a delightful time, a day of the most unadulterated pleasure. Everybody enjoyed themselves, from the Ensigns down to the baby who was given to the Lord that afternoon. Read the Young Soldier for details.

The women folk here are challenging the men to do half in the Harvest Festival. The target is fixed at \$40. I don't think the men will want to be beaten, and the women won't be beaten if we can help it. Anniversary meetings have hindered, as getting at it as quickly as we wished, but there are visions of a decorated barracks, with a dreged stall, a lunch counter, a fruit and vegetable stall, a flower stall, and a brother's stall, in which will be arrayed, I can't say what.

E. E. B.

Fredericton, N.B.—We are marching on to victory. We had a very nice meeting Sunday; good crowd. God is blessing our Junior work here. The children are getting interested in the meetings, and getting saved. We give all the glory to God.—Cadet SPARKS.

MANY people will estimate your religious attainments by the frequency of your sanctimonious looks; but never mind, go on in the footsteps of your Master "doing good." It is not the saying, "Lord, Lord," but the doing of THE FATHER'S WILL that will tell finally.



A GROUPE OF TAMIL SINGHALESE TEA-PICKERS IN CEYLON.

valley, and along their base, in the beautiful valleys which intersect them in every direction, the slopes were all within the last few years covered with forests of gigantic and valuable trees which have now disappeared under the axe of the planter, who has filled and burned the timber on all the finest slopes at an elevation of 2,000 to 4,000 feet and covered the hillside into highly-cultivated coffee estates.

The island, though completely within the influence of equatorial exhalation, and possessing no elevated tableland of considerable extent, does not boast of any rivers of great volume. The rains which water in each season or change of season are indeed heavy, and during their fall swell the streams to torrents and impetuous rivers. But when these cease the water-courses fall back to their original state, and there are but few of the rivers which cannot be passed on horseback.

Ceylon may be said to have been for ages slowly rising from the sea, as appears from the terraced abundance in many shrubs, which occur in situations far above high-water mark, and at some miles distant from the sea.

PART I.

IN AND AROUND A TEA ESTATE.

Probably very few people who drink tea over think of where it comes from, how it is made, or anything about it.

Away back in my school-boy days we were wont to read about China and its tea. Our school-books had a lesson on tea—a hideous looking picture of a most non-Chinese-looking Chinaman, with long, flowing monstrosities. Two pioneers across his shoulders illustrated the lesson, and served the purpose of impressing us with curious ideas of the patient Mongolian.

That was China and this is Ceylon. The technical details of the tea growing and making don't interest Salvationists very much unless there's humanity in it, and there is. Harkens, ye "Wives and mothers, maidens fair," other eyes than yours have looked on that dry, withered leaf, other fingers than yours have handled it.

While it was yet green on the little bushes long, thin, shiny fingers, with rings on every one of them, part of a long, bracketed arm, belonging to a skinnier body, poorly clad in most unfashionable garments, which no "modiste" ever cut, heavy rings hang from her ears, another encircles her neck, and by some mysterious process two jewels were attached to her nose. Shoo! She would scorn the thought of putting her feet with its two rings of copper or silver on her toes.

A large basket on her back, held on with a band

"Indeed," I queried, "could I see you pay them?"

"If you think it would be an interesting sight you're welcome; it's not very interesting to me."

I thought it wasn't as I glanced at the bag of rupees on the table.

"Master, coolies all ready for pay," announced the boy.

"Yes, I guess they are," was his significant reply.

"Come on, if you want to see 'Rammy-Sammy' paid," said the planter to me, wondering, no doubt, what I could see interesting in a gang of coolies.

At the back of the bungalow they were gathered in a semi-circle round a table

Filed with Rupees

and tea-cust pieces. It was a sight peculiar to this part of the world, not unlike the public dispensary of an hospital in England, or the pay-box of a large factory. True,



PICKING TEA IN CEYLON.

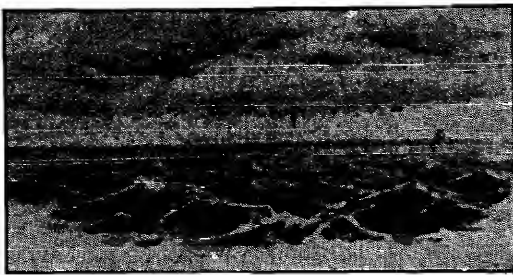
VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE WORK-ROOM



greatest drawback

ot on that point. sympathy towards which still prevails are must be afraid to find people women a helping

well as much as shown by citizens and Rescue Home, with the Home have it supplied, practice of sending a new Home, and some benevolent efficiency work. interested in the being drunken women into the house, taught the evils of she had been who objected to she had not had a -I feared she take the bath, however, and



A beautiful and wonderfully perfect mirage was seen in the northern sky at Buffalo about 10:30 Thursday morning. Toronto City, the harbor and the island were visible for nearly half an hour. Those who were first to discover the phenomenon claim that they could distinctly see the church spires of Toronto, but the atmospheric condition changed so quickly that only the outlines could be discerned after the first ten minutes. As late as 11 o'clock the northern shore of Lake Ontario could be traced; then the clouds lowered, obliterating the beautiful picture.

TURN—Till it again.

1 Out on the streets many drunkards we
Telling and struggling in deep agony;
Is there not one who will help us to-day,
Gather them in from the devil's highway?

CHORUS.

Gather them in, gather them in,
In from the highways and hedges of sin;
Point them to Jesus, Who died on the tree,
Till their salvation is ample and free.

Often, ye, often, they try to do right,
Trying alone in their own selfish might;
Bound head and feet they are covered in sin,
Come then and help us to gather them in.

They have a soul, these poor drunkards you see,
Christ died to give them full liberty;
Jesus still loves them, their souls He would win,
Help us, oh, help us, to gather them in.

Give of your time and your talent to-day,
Help us to show them the pure light of day;
Christ is the light and Redeemer from sin,
Come then and help us to gather them in.

LESLIE CHATFIELD, Light House.

TURN—Come to-day, While You May.

2 Sinners, far from your God,
Traveling on destruction's road,
Come to Jesus, your Lord, while you may;
He will cleanse you from sin,
Make and keep you pure within,
Then come to this cleansing stream to-day.

CHORUS.

Come to-day, while you may.

Jesus calls you to come,
At the Cross there's lots of room,
For your heart, that by sin is weighed down;
All the past He'll blot out,
Make you free without a doubt,
And at last He will give to you a crown.

There's no pleasure in sin,
Only misery within,
Oh, how often have thy feet gone astray;
Is to-day makes you mad,
Thinking of the wrong and bad,
That have led you to sin and decay.

You may wander on in sin,
Take the cup of pleasure in,
Till you're called on the great Judgment day,
Then you'll tremble with fear,
For your doom is drawing near,
Then in hell you'll be ever that way.

MAUD MONROE.

TURN—Rose of Sharon. (B.J., 115.)

3 Wanderer sinner, on in sadness,
Stranger to the God of Light;
Plunging headlong to destruction,
Heeding not the fears of night,
Oh, the danger that awaits you,
If you onward careless go;
He's awaiting you, my brother,
Shun that awful place of woe.

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come and He will set you free.

On you wander in your sadness,
Longing only to be free;
All in gloomy, friends have failed you,
None can give you liberty,
Joy has vanished, courage failing,
Nothing left to bring you peace;
All in darkness and gloom,
The fruits of sin is eternal death.

Be a stranger now no longer,
Get acquainted with the Lord;
He is waiting you to welcome,
Give you joy the world can't afford.
Come believing without doubting,
Lay yourself at Jesus' feet;
He will pardon your transgression,
Give you joy that is complete.

Wm. McLAUGHLIN, S.C.

TURN—Lead beyond the River. (B.B. 4.)

4 We are soldiers bound for glory,
We are fighting not alone,
For the Saviour leads us onward,
And we soon shall be at home.

CHORUS.

We love Jesus, hallelujah,
We love Jesus, yes we do;
We love Jesus, He's our Saviour,
Jesus smiles and loves us, too.

Years ago God sent a leader
Willing to bear the cross of men;
He's been faithful to the Master,
And we love him—Bosch's his name.

Many said he soon would falter,
But he's with us to this day;
We have learned to trust and love him,
He will lead us on the way.

General Bosch is still our leader,
Though we have a greater One,
And we'll fight beneath our banner
Till the battle's fought and won.

CLARA CALMAY, R. C.

TURN—I'm happy. (B.B. 47.)

5 Oh, why will you wander, poor lost one,
From God,
This world gives no rest, nor lightness thy
load,
But He will give you rest Who died on Cal-
vary;
'Tis Jesus, don't you hear Him calling, calling
for thee?

CHORUS.

Still calling, still calling,
Oh, hear Him pleading low;
Oh, will you not give up your sin
And come to Him now?

You remember when you first heard the story
Of the Cross,
How Jesus came to seek and to save that
which was lost;
When, oh! so sad and weary His power you
longed to know,
Then by faith you heard Him gently calling
for you.

M. A. S.

TURN—Is my name written there?

6 I've a home up in heaven, and my Father
is there,
If my sins are forgiven its glories I'll share;
In those celestial regions, with their streets
of pure gold,
I am bound for that country where we never
grow old.

CHORUS.

Shall we all meet up there, in that country so
fair,
At the end of our journey, shall we all meet
up there?

There no sin or sorrow can enter, and no sorrow
can come,
For there's none but the holy can dwell in
that home;
Where all who are faithful forever shall rove,
And the glorified saints are made perfect in
love.

When our labors are ended, and at last we
have come,
To the river that separates us from our home;
When we enter the valley that once looked so
drear,
We can sing, "Hallelujah, I have nothing to
fear!"

KARIE ALLEN, KINGSTON.

TURN—Down in the Garden. (B.J., 67; S.M., 1, 491.)

7 Oh, Saviour, look within my heart,
And help me now to see,
If all my thoughts, and words, and deeds,
Bring glory unto Thee.

CHORUS.

Search me and try me,
Prove me now, dear Lord;
In my heart the Saviour's dwelling?
Show me through Thy blessed Word.

Lord, search my mind and show me now,
If there's one selfish thought,
One idle, impure, cruel wish,
Which gladdens Thee not?

Lord, try my words in every form,
And let me plainly see,
Just where I've uttered anything
Which did not honor Thee.

W. H. B. FREDERICKSON.

TURN—Judgment Day. (B.J. 65; M.S.L., 77.)

8 Eternity! Time soon will end,
Its days are flying fast;
Oh, sinner, say where will you spend
Eternity at last.

CHORUS.

Eternity, eternity;
Oh, sinner, sinner, flee
To Jesus while He waits to save
To all eternity.

Eternity! Oh, dreadful thought,
If there should't be thy sin
When the Judge comes to be brought
And hear that awful doom.

To-night may be your last on earth,
Oh, sinner, sinner, flee
To Jesus while He waits to save
For all eternity.

L. E. W.

TURN—Rejoice in the Lord and be glad. (B.J., No. 30.)

9 If they will the Saviour call;
His name is free unto all;
It's true, Jesus died, once for all,
Salvation for who will call.

CHORUS.

He waits, He waits,
To set your souls free;
He'll save, He'll save,
And you shall happy be.

You've wandered in sin long enough,
The battle and struggle's been tough;
The way it's been very rough,
But the grace of God is enough.

Now Christ is the Shelter for aye,
Come closer in the blood to-day;
He will not say to you nay,
So come unto Him while you may.

Those loved ones who've gone on before,
They'll meet them on Canaan's shore;
And Christ will always adore
With them on the bright Crystal Shore.

TURN—Come to Jesus. B.J. 9; S.M. L. 268.

10 Christ is the true, the only Guide
That sin could not defile,
And we are safe if we abide
Near His approving smile.

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

As man the tempter tried Him, but
He joyful sang to-day,
That sin could not defile when He put
The thought of sin away.

O Saviour, quicken of the dead,
Thy guiding light we see;
Armed in Thy mighty power we tread
The path that leads to Thee.

To Thee, where all is perfect love,
And perfect joy and peace,
To be, with all Thy saints above,
Forever fully blest.

J. M. B.

TURN—Will you go? (B.B. 13; S.M. I. 369.)

11 Behold the Saviour as He hangs
On the Cross, on the Cross,
Behold His bleeding feet, His hands,
On the Cross, on the Cross,
The cruel spear thrust in His side,
There gushes forth the crimson tide,
Where all may come and be supplied,
At the Cross, at the Cross.

He died that cruel death for all,
On the Cross, on the Cross,
For rich and poor, for great and small,
On the Cross, on the Cross,
Give up your sin and fly to Him,
He'll purify your soul within,
His precious blood can make you clean,
At the Cross, at the Cross.

Poor guilty soul there's room for you
At the Cross, at the Cross,
Then come away to Christ just now,
To the Cross, to the Cross,
That seeking void our Christ can fill,
He freely pardons rebels still,
Oh, come and prove His power to heal,
At the Cross, at the Cross.

LESLIE Wm. HEN, Sherbrooke.

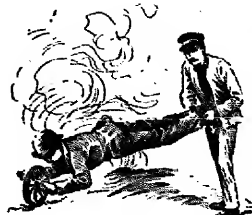
NEXT WEEK.

Full particulars of the elaborate and
triumphant wedding ceremony conducted by
the Commandant and Mrs. Booth in the To-
ronto Jubilee Hall, when Master Compins,
Editor of the War Cry, and Captain Tyn,
late of Australia, were united in the bonds of
holy matrimony beneath the good old flag.

Cablegram.

LONDON, 12-9-94.

Salvation, Toronto:
General and party sailed yester-
day. "Carthaginian."



Don't be a wheel-harrow Christian that
goes only when pushed.

The man or woman professing to be
possessed of the Spirit of Jesus Christ,
who is prepared to contend for any
temporal interest of his own at the
expense of the interests of Jesus Christ
and His Kingdom, thereby proclaims his
hypocrisy before the whole world.—The
General.

"Jesus is dead!" cried the crowd.
"Jesus is dead!" proclaimed the people.
"Jesus is dead!" published the populace.
"Jesus is dead!" scowled the Scribes.
"Jesus is dead!" sneered the Pharisees.
"Jesus is dead!" howled out hell. "Jesus
is dead!" shouted Satan, and I have no
doubt but that the same sentence dropped
from the lips of every devil, while earth
and hell alike said amongst themselves,
"We have driven Him to death! It is all
over now; we have heard the last—this
has finished Him!"

The nails were drawn, the spikes pulled,
the corpse lowered, and at "even" the
begged body in laid within the tomb, the
stone is rolled, the sepulchre sealed, the
watch arranged, and, as far as one could
judge, earth's arrangements were finished
and hell's work was complete, for Jesus is
not only dead, but buried.

"Will He rise?" queried earth.
"Rise! No; that's all rubbish!" an-
swered hell, but in spite of the stone, and
in spite of the seal, and in spite of the
watch, and in spite of earth, and in spite of
hell,

"He rose a Victor from the dark domain,
And He lives forever with His saints to reign;
He arose; He arose; hallelujah! Christ
arose."

—Colonel Lawley.



TO THE RESCUE!

Halifax Home has been opened six
months on 19th inst. We have admitted
fourteen up to the present. Have only lost
one of our number. In spite of coming
outside the work is going on. We have
just sent out a team to a nice place in
adopted.

TERRIBLE

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The General sailed yesterday
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By rights the Commandant
wants
Missed
Connections.
in a telegram suddenly capitol
sudden suddenly put for
General's agent's memorandum.
time, best suits and I am left
under heat on the fifteen
to be rubbed from me. I
willing of the last boat is a
splinter of steamship arrang-
ment of their assurance as to
have been scouring the coast
net a craft that would be
General at Newfoundland. I
and imagine my feelings.
Would God I could swim there

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LONDON, 12-9-94.
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party sailed yesterday.
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Spirit of Jesus Christ,
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of his own at the ex-
erests of Jesus Christ
, thereby proclaims his
the whole world.—The

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ee; hailshew! Christ

—Colonel Lawley.



RESCUE!

has been opened six
We have admitted
ment. Have only but
in spite of coming
on. We have
as a sign to be

TERRITORIAL TOPICS

One hundred things have hap-
pened since last these Topics
appeared in print, and there has
been positively no time to record them. The
General's visit, with its multitudinous arrange-
ments, the Harvest Festival needing emergency
posting up behind, preparation of business and reports for
the General, the raising and repairing
of the yacht—no time of raising
the wind to pay for her—the Trade,
the Social, the Spiritual, the Financial,
added to the preparation of address for
six weeks' absence of the Commandant.

has kept us at it night and day. Composing Topics in a
whirlwind is out of the question.

The General sailed yesterday, Tuesday, September 11th,
by the s.s. *Carthaginian*. It is an excit-
ing thought that our veteran leader is
heartily approaching our shores. Ere this
Car reaches its distant readers, the voice
of our chief will, God willing, shall have
sounded in the ears of our Newfoundland
warriors, and the great campaign will have opened. Not more
living or hearty were the shouts of those who bid the
General adieu in the Queen's Hall, London, than will be
those to welcome him on our side the Atlantic.

By rights the Commandant should have been by this time
waiting the arrival of the *Carthaginian* at St. John's. But the fates
have willed otherwise. His arrange-
ments were made, sailing fixed, berths
secured, faith running high, when,
in a telegram suddenly captured the whole affair. Sailing of
steamer suddenly put forward a day, notwithstanding
British agent's assurance. Just too late to catch connec-
tion, last mile and I am left to console myself that there is
under best on the steamer. But even this consolation is
to be robbed from me. Without a word of warning, the
sailing of the last boat is put back two days. Such is the
splendor of steamship arrangements, and such is the reliability
of their assurances as to sailings. For three days we
have been scouring the coast of Nova Scotia, to find any
aid of a craft that would take us in time to meet the
General at Newfoundland. So far it is all but hopeless. Try
and imagine my feelings, and pray hard for the Commandant.
Would God I could swim there.

Missed
Connections.

Meanwhile St. John's, Newfoundland, is in a state of
ferment. Major Morris has raised all
creation, and all creation in that part is
on tip-toe, straining eyes to catch the
first glimpse of the *Carthaginian*. The
great risk is sealed, the reception ar-
ranged. The General will spend sixteen hours on
shore. Officers from all parts of the island are gathering by
all sorts of means—walking, riding, sailing, driving, and
railing. The great mass of the colony are exercising them-
selves to welcome the General, and altogether there promises
to be the greatest gathering of religious fervor in the history
of Newfoundland.

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of Newfoundland.

Three cheers, three.
But where, oh, where,
Will the Commandant be?

Chief among the General's staff will be my old and much-
loved comrade, Colonel Lawley. The
first sight of his shining face will recall a
hundred battles. With no effort in the
whole Army outside the circle of my own
loved family have I spent more happy
days; with none I have travelled more miles or conducted
more meetings. John Lawley is a man of fire and of the
Holy Ghost. He believes in the Standing Lamb, and desires
nothing more than to have the chance of crying to all His
serving power. Apart from my love for him, he always has
the effect on me that a hot dose on the march. He helps me
strife. Some folks act on one in a meeting like lead; Lawley
acts like spirit. God bless him and make him the inspiration
be can be to us all in our harder part of the battlefield.

Colonel
Lawley.

The repairs of the *William Booth* go on apace. Let me
thank all those comrades who have
shown their sympathy and re-
garded in so practical a way as to
send donations towards the
floating cradle of our crusade. I
have felt nothing more than I have this mark of affection
since I came to Canada. God bless you, my dear comrades.
Staff-Capt. Jewer has arrived in the city and is getting his
party together for the sail along the St. Lawrence. They
are to stop, and play, and pray, and generally do all things
likely to set a meeting on fire. A proper blood-and-fire
sermon to the General.

The
"William Booth."

Help for
Lazarus!

Mrs. Booth promises to be the salvation of our financial
position. She has wonderfully helped
and sustained her during her recent
turns. At London and Montreal alone
she raised over a thousand dollars for
local schemes. But this is not all. Mrs.
Booth has consented to take the oversight of the Grace-
before-Meet her scheme, or, as it is in future to be called,
the Light Brigade. The Auxiliary Department is also coming
under her direction, and our friends may look for quite
swirl in their midst. In order that ample assistance may

be rendered, our old comrade, Adjutant Southall, has been
appointed secretary to Mrs. Booth for these departments.
With such oversight what may we not expect? By the
way, have you a Grace-before-Meet box? If not, why not?
It is no concern to you that we give an opportunity of drop-
ping a crumb into the mouth of the many poor Lazaruses who
throng our Homes and Shelters? It isn't much surely to
ask you to remember, when you ask God's blessing on your
Sunday dinner, the many who have no dinner at all. Will
you not drop a cent in the box for the unfortunate, remember-
ing that you might, but for the mercy of God, have been born
into the position of those who go dinnerless every day.

A great change is coming on shortly in the War Cry.

The
"War Cry."

Little less in quantity would make all the difference in
quality. We could print it in better style, and condense the
matter so as to make it far more readable. This, after care-
ful thought, we have decided to carry into effect. After the
first of October, therefore, the *Canadian War Cry* will be the
same as the *San Francisco* first issue. We shall
sorely miss the old *War Cry*, and the readers of the
General's meetings will give us a splendid chance of intro-
ducing its new form to the readers. Pray for and push it
more and more.

In addition to Staff-Captain Malan, of Italy, who travels
with the General, as Secretary, while in Canada, there will be
in the party a special *War Cry* correspondent, and a special
Salvationist artist, both sent out
by the English War Cry. Well done, Colonel Nicol!

Now that the dark nights are close on us, a thousand oppor-
tunities open before every Salvationist. So far as we are concerned, we intend
to make the most of them. The Gen-
eral's coming will help the flowing tide
of soul-saving enthusiasm, which, thank
God, is increasing in our midst. We must make the very
most of it.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth intend to lead the way.
In addition to the assistance they hope to prove to their be-
loved leader, they are arranging for another series of Hol-
iness Meetings in Toronto. We shall go on where we left off.
Mrs. Booth will also visit various centres in Ontario, and the
Commandant intends to devote most of his public attention
to the soldiers of our districts. All nights and half-nights
of prayer are being arranged for officers and soldiers only at
various centres, and there is to be a mighty wrestling with
God for more real self-sacrificing love for His cause.
Grievances and difficulties will disappear wholesale. Pray!



The Latest Up to Date from the Headquarters of the World.

International Headquarters, 101
Queen Victoria Street.—The Chief
of the Staff is very much run down, so
much so, in fact, that he was confined
to his bed during two or three days.
For two or three months a tremendous
strain has devolved upon him, but,
doubtless, his three or four days' en-
forced "rest" will pay in the end. At
any rate, we are glad to hear that he is
back at Headquarters.

SCOTLAND STARVING.—Lamentable
condition of things owing to the con-
tinuance of the Scottish coal strike.
Families starving and food-supplying
agencies exhausted. Our Salvation com-
rades are straining every sinew to supply
at least bread and soup to the hunger-
stricken ones; but if they are to keep
up even this, their finances must be con-
siderably and immediately augmented;
32,000 meals have been supplied in less
than a month in Balaclava alone.

Ten thousand poor, hopeless, despised
girls loved, sheltered, and (many of
them) saved in soul as well as body, in
the same years of the Rescue Homes ex-
istence in England alone. By recent
computation, after three years' trial,
eighty-five per cent. proved themselves
to be really and truly rescued. 10,666
acquires after lost people, a third of
whom have been found, the marvellous
work of the five years' operations of
the Rescue Department. Had with wel-
come and commended with all our heart

the Annual Two Days' Thanksgiving,
which Mrs. Bramwell announces.

Eight thousand London Juniors are
being sent forth for a day's helpful en-
joyment in forest or park. The first
batch of 2,000 were sent to Chingford,
though the rain delayed the "Dark
City" all the morning; the weather was
kind to the youngsters, and on happy
wings the hours sped all too quickly.
Miss Booth, Colonel and Mrs. Higgins,
Staff-Capt. Lord, Staff-Capt. Duce, Ad-
jutant Pease, Ensign Allen, and the
F.O.s. of the corps represented, felt the
full joy which is the best reward of
"those who give" pleasure and blessing.
Hearty and lively prayer meeting held
in the open, and before tea was partaken
of the Commissioner graciously greeted
the youthful Salvation guests. Similar
outings take place to-day, Wednesday,
and Friday.

The Brighton Town Council have set
the people's teeth on edge. They have
been busy of late framing new by-laws,
one of which is so worded that any mo-
ment they may clear the beach of all
preachers, lecturers, and Salvation Army
"open-air," hawkers, etc. These by-
laws have happily not yet received Par-
liamentary sanction, so that it is not too
late to prevent the carrying out of a
design which, it is generally supposed,
is deliberately aimed at the religious
community. Those immediately inter-
ested are arranging indignation meet-
ings, to be followed up by petitions to,
and interviews with, the President of
the Board of Trade.

Meantime, the police are devoting
special attention to the Salvation Army
meetings, on the principle, we suppose,
of going for big game at the start. One
of the biggest policemen of the town
went up officiously and demanded the
name of the leader of one of our open-
airs, who happened to be none other
than our diminutive comrade, Major
Edward Wilmer. This is the second or
third time when such a proceeding has
been gone through.

Twenty-six thousand young warriors
have been added to the strength of the
Junior War during the last twelve
months. At the present time at least
100,000 are brought weekly within Sal-
vation influence.

Commissioner Estill appointed to the
command, under Commissioner Coombe,
of the Colony of New South Wales, 270
officers, 124 corps, and seven divisions
spread over 310,700 square miles, with
Rescue Work and other agencies to
superintend. The great experience
which both he and Mrs. Estill have
gained during their four years' career at
the Cape will pave the way for an even
more than successful one in Australia.

India.—MADRAS.—The last three
months have been "months of rejoicing"
in Madras. The campaign here has
gloriously exceeded all expectations, so
that the final day was a time of un-
bounded happiness. No one could re-
main in Black Town without seeing and
hearing something of the S. A. unless
they were both deaf and blind. Some
of the Madras secular papers have spoken
a good word for us, to a large extent
using our own terms.

July 28th was looked forward to with
great expectation, and all were ready
for the fray soon after the dawn of day.
Our Jubilee victories for the three
months total 151 souls, 68 soldiers, 22
candidates, and five jansadars. Glory
be to God!

GUJARAT.—Ahmedabad Training
Home besieged with cadets—never such
a thing before. Officers stationed on
railway platform to meet each train and
welcome new-comers.

The Candidates' Boom is glorious.
The wheel goes round of itself, the
boomers have got the spirit into them,
and the talk everywhere is about the
Mukhtaj and the ten new Cadets.

All our officers have got into the
whirl. The Training Garrisons are
crowded, and we have to open the Bar-
racks for the over-flow, but we dare not
stop the incoming of officers. This is
the one thing we have lived for. Some-
times we have not been able to get one
Cadet in six months, and now we have
all these crowds coming—and on self-
supporting lines, too!

Some ugly court cases have been
started to take us off the work, but we
are going on. Pray for us. We want
help.

OUR PORTION.

"Birds are seldom taken in their flight,
the more we are upon the wing of heavenly
thoughts, the more we escape the snare."

MY RESOLUTION.

"This day the Lord hath spoken;
This day my choice is made;
I will be set for Jesus,
Who all for me has paid."

MY REWARD.

"And He will be my treasure,
And He my boundless store;
And those who live on Jesus,
Will never hunger more."

- Sept. 22nd.—Hold that fast which
thou hast, that no man take thy
crown.—REV. iii. 11.
- Sept. 23rd.—I am the Lord, I change
not.—MAL. iii. 6.
- Sept. 24th.—We walk by faith, not
by sight.—II. Cor. v. 7.
- Sept. 25th.—Be of good cheer; it is
I, be not afraid.—MAT. xiv. 27.
- Sept. 26th.—I can do all things
through Christ, which strengthen
eth me.—PHIL. iv. 13.
- Sept. 27th.—Faithful is He that
calleth you Who also will do it.—
I. THESS. iv. 24.
- Sept. 28th.—My God shall supply
all your need.—PHIL. iv. 19.

With strong minds there is generally
an indifference to personal injuries and
wrong. Jesus Christ never resented
any personal injury; it was the wrongs
inflicted upon the defenceless multitudes
that stirred His mighty soul. He saved
others, Himself He would not save. He
died.



RICHARD MORRIS, MAJOR.

There seems to be no occasion for me to offer any apology for speaking of and holding up salvation as the one thing most needful in your life. I am going to speak through the columns of the WAR CRY just as the Lord leads it out to me, and from whatever source He may supply me.

Salvation shall be my text, as this is intended chiefly for those who are out of Christ. Why are you afraid of becoming converted, and becoming a changed man or woman as the case may be? You have not reached the place, precious comrades, where you are in no need of help. Hundreds of times you have wished to come up to the ideal of a man which stands fully developed before your conscience that monitor within, and have as many times failed, thus plunging you into a sorrow so bitter that it has been almost impossible for you to bear up under it.

It was my lot to witness a night last week that made me feel very sad. A man full of intelligence, but weak, yes, so weak (just possibly like you who read this), was overcome, and in a fit of temper, would have done that which would have ruined him and his family and his business as well. In the middle of the night, the whole house was in an uproar, children and wife shouting and

Imporing Help,

the children rushing into my room, some upon the bed, and others upon me, to seek mercy. There were seven other men in the house, and it seemed so strange to me that they should seek my help and protection, being a perfect stranger. What I want to illustrate is, that their father was good at times, but this scene was only a repetition of many, the outcome of temptation endured, and then allowed to overcome him. He had knelt at his wife's feet, and begged her pardon in the presence of his children; he was conscious of the wrong, and had, as I have said, laid before him an ideal of a man in Christ, like every human soul who lives to-day in the light of the Gospel. The oldest girl implored me not to leave them to their meanness and temper, while the oldest boy pleadingly asked me to do something for his father; but you know how far my help

A CALL TO SINNERS EDEN RE-GAINED

was of any use; nothing on earth could help him, but Christ, Who was ready for a call.

Now, the salvation of our Lord Jesus Christ comes in here; that was the fountain that this man needed which I pointed out to the dear lad, also to the father, when I could quiet him. He assured me that the priest could not get him to attend confession, and He would join the Salvation Army in the morning. That is possibly good in itself—joining a good work—but it is not the salvation of our Lord Jesus Christ joining the Salvation Army. Do not make this mistake. What your poor soul needs, you who are not strong enough to resist the temptations of the devil, is a counteracting spirit, and

That Spirit is Christ.

a Spirit Almighty. The devil is strong and very powerful, but we have a salvation in the Lord Jesus, above any other power, which will be given to every soul who will ask for it.

You ask me, can I live up to the standard raised in my mind, which I have raised for every Christian to live and walk up to?

Yes, a thousand times yes, you can. You ask how? Why, by asking for strength from on high, claiming the promise which says, "My grace shall be sufficient for you." Keep right along claiming, night and day, until the door of death's portals are reached, and you enter into the presence of God. You ask, is there grace for me? Yes, thank God, there is; free, abundantly free for every poor, sick, and weak man. The yoke of sin can be unloosed from every human neck, and you can be liberated from the drag which makes your life unhappy, and anything but glorifying to God. It has been just the reverse—unholy, ungodly and unhappy—the latter is a mere reward of unrighteousness.

You say, "Oh, my God, what can I do?" Do as God commands, call upon Him while He is near, and while it is called to-day. There is no time to wait; just while you are reading this article, let your life go up, even if you are a backslider, there is only one way through the blood. The past, the past, the past! Well, there is pardon to be obtained before grace can be bestowed; ask it, you can find it down at the Cross. Just where you are, cry out mightily to God, roll your burden of sin down at His feet, ask Him

to show you your sins through His Spirit, measure them by His purity, and by His Word, and remember that one of them—yes, only one—will damn you unless blotted out. The devil will all the time try to show you them in contrast with others, and make you a Pharisee; but see you are a genuine man, and a principled one, you will cry as he did, "God, be merciful, and God will be merciful, as He was merciful to him. You say, all my principle is gone. I believe it."

The Devil's Business

is to rob you of all that is good and Christlike, and put in its place all that is selfish.

You, through these words, hear Christ calling you to accept salvation; will you do it, and have it to keep you day by day in the right path?

I visited a vacated dwelling some few days ago in a lovely secluded wood. For years the surroundings had been running wild, until weeds had supplanted nearly all the fruit and flowers, and what remained was but very poor. What was wanted was someone to come in and restore it to its former beauty, and commence to cultivate it. Of course, it would involve labor, patience and thought; but these, with perseverance and strength would accomplish it. Now, here you are, all that was in you that was good or beautiful, has been smothered and covered over by sin, your graces and your spiritual beauty have been neglected. You were when young and innocent, but an enemy has come into your heart and life possibly by disguise. You now awake up to the fact that you are a prisoner to some evil passion or appetite, and your surroundings are so strong you cannot break away; your garden, which was once fruitful and beautiful, has run to weeds. What you want is the Master to come to restore you your Eden. You say, "Can He?" Yes, thank God, you can be saved; you can be kept from sinning, and the blood of Christ can cleanse you whiter than the snow.

A sinner kept by grace, and kept by Him Who neither slumbers or sleeps.

"DIFFICULTIES drive men to God. It is while in the lap of luxury and ease that men, like Samson, lose their strength."

who is a born Salvationist, on the table to sing her old favorites.

"The shaft behind the door."

She is only three years old.

When the little ones had taken their places again, Mrs. Read spoke to the interested audience on the Rescue and Children's Work from her experience in Toronto and other places. The tears came to many eyes as she gave the touching incidents connected with some of the little ones received in the Children's Shelter, Toronto, especially when the story of little Frankie was told, and the baby whose only cry was for "whicky, whicky." Oh, how the people listened, almost breathlessly, and how the minutes flew! The last incident was the story of a girl rescued from sin and shame in St. John, N.B., who, when dying, said, "I am so tired, let me sleep now." The six ladies in the Rescue costumes then sang the beautiful song that was written about her, entitled,

"Drifting away."

resounded liberally, and fifty dollars was donated to the building fund.

Mrs. Read gave a little of her experience. Many felt their position keenly, and one poor soul especially was almost prevented, but the cross seemed too heavy to take up.

On Tuesday night Mrs. Read conducted a Rescue demonstration, assisted by Ensign Fitzpatrick of the Victoria Rescue Home and Children's Shelter. The march was a very pretty sight, six ladies with white caps and aprons with "Emmity" written on them. Each soldier wore a fluttering white badge, and as the march advanced down the main streets of the city the people looked from all directions. A rousing open-air.

Mrs. Read spoke a few words on the children's work in the city, and the bystanders showed their practical sympathy by giving a drum-head collection.

The barracks were crowded for the inside meeting with an eager, expectant audience. Over sixty soldiers were on the platform, also the juniors of the corps.

The opening song,

"With sword and shield,"

was sung lustily by everybody to the accompaniment of the brass band.

Ensign Fitzpatrick prayed, and Mrs. Read, in the absence of the Shelter children, who were too young to be present, called on the juniors of the corps to sing. They led off with

"His blood can make the vilest clean,"

and a few other choruses. We do pray that their little voices touched some big hearts.

The Major then stood little Annie Keefe,

fragments that remained." The poem, of course, did not reach the Rescue staff.

We regretted not having Captain Keefe with us, she not being well enough to be present, but we sincerely hope that the bracing air of Winnipeg will speedily restore her to health again. Captain N. Green, of Moosemin, is expected daily to take her place. The Victoria soldiers and friends give her a hearty welcome to the "Queen City."

At the soldiers' council on Wednesday night we had a wonderful time. Only those who were present could understand anything at all about it, for it was, indeed, indescribable.

Thursday night was announced for the "halter-skelter," and it well deserved the name. Soon after 7:30 the Major and Adjutant could be seen making their way to "Campbell's Corner," armed with concertinas and two chairs. They took their stand all alone and prayed. The Major's whistle sounded, and to his sorrow came from all directions, rushing to the corner. They soon formed up and a red-hot open air was indulged in. At the sound of the whistle again every soldier made a beeline for the corner next the barracks. It was a proper "halter-skelter," I can assure you. When all had once more assembled, we had a march single file around the corner, and at the alarm another rush was made for the barracks. The soldiers scattered all over the hall, the Major and Adjutant being the sole occupants of the platform. The people listened, but the moment that the whistle sounded what a rushing and assembling for the platform took place!

The meeting was a "halter-skelter" all through, and everybody seemingly enjoyed themselves. It was the Major's last meeting with us, and he looked very tired, working as he had like a Trojan. Towards the close of the meeting he pleaded especially with the young men present. One came out for salvation, and we had a proper halloish wind-up.

ANNIE REILLY, S. O.

Hints for Leaders of Holiness Meetings in the Salvation Army.

- 1st. Let the audience clearly understand at the start that this meeting is a holiness meeting.
- 2nd. Select songs to sing during the meeting that refer definitely to full salvation from all sin in every sense of the word.
- 3rd. Don't allow the same three or four, as the case may be, to do all the public praying, but call on different ones at different times, until the whole corps, or nearly all, take part in public prayer.
- 4th. Select a Scripture reading on holiness.
- 5th. Let the audience know from the first that full salvation, and full salvation only, will do for God, themselves, or the world. Press the subject home with all the directness possible. Do not lower the standard one iota. Let them know they must do the will of God as angels do it in heaven.
- 6th. In the testimony meeting, call first for testimonies from those who have clean hearts and are living pure, godly, righteous lives, and then turn those who desire to have this wonderful salvation.
- 7th. Call for decision for God, unconditional surrender, and praise God for victory.

SERGEANT MARK WAINWRIGHT, Peterboro.

OSHAWA.



ARMED with all the requisites, namely, note-book and pencil, and some energy to help ask for assistance in a "Rescue Festival at Oshawa, Lieutenant and I set out on foot. Friends responded liberally and led us that day into the bargain.

Friday, August 24th, we knelt around, collecting and preparing for the foot. Mrs. de Berritt, Ensign and Mrs. Hay, and others of Whitty and Tyrone, were all down to the special. A goodly number of men and women, and apparently satisfied themselves with the good things. But the crowding time was the meeting. This nice little tent was about filled. Ensign led on a few testimonies from soldiers representing different corps. The people were delighted, but much came so when Mrs. de Berritt got up and for an hour gave a most interesting address on South America. We went into the prayer meeting, and closed at 10:30.

You cannot be happy but as God makes you holy.

Closing Scenes in the Western Campaign.

RESCUE DEMONSTRATION—WONDERFUL SOLDIER'S COUNCIL—"HALTER-SKELTER" MEETING.

We finished up on Sunday night with two souls in the fountain and everybody in high spirits.

Every night during the week's meetings the barracks were crowded, and no less than sixteen knelt at the penitential-form for salvation and sanctification.

Over fifty soldiers were on the march on Sunday afternoon and evening. The open-air ring was surrounded by people every night whose curiosity had been aroused.

On Monday night at Campbell's Corner a miniature nationality meeting was held. A large crowd followed to the barracks to hear about Victoria's part in the gigantic Jubilee schemes, i.e., the Salvation Citadel.

The opening song was not given out in the orthodox Salvation Army style, as some of the soldiers proved, for the Major almost invariably possesses on everybody who is not singing on the platform, and inflicts the dread punishment of singing a verse alone.

The testimonies were very interesting. Each soldier gave his or her opinion as to what a Salvation Army barracks is and what it should be. We gleaned some fresh and very striking ideas.

The Major gave a very interesting sketch of the rise and progress of the Salvation Army. Adjutant Ashbald came on several for some practical help. The people



was to be the end again. No part of safety, and the I could do and then praye wouldn't let me I was not ready. Oh, how was. The gift was, yells, unbelief, and propitiate it. We struggle and won't even of the meat the church last a would never under- came to all the scene. Imposed was sang appropriate and it depicted a w drifting over the h by ground; and I showed Him as t those wreathes lay on over the st seeks in search of how the truth str ding one. I was words and those I was looking for it, and the barriers crumbl He was waiting to



(Continued)

APOLLON—devil, whol Rev. ix. 11.

ARMOUR—the bod Salvation in war and made provin in Ephesian not fight (w less about t backside.

ASSURANCE—full confiden from doubt; —WENSTER. Assurance something e think at f. They look a derful somet and the mo- tified th they are His W and receive ad confiden all good. T

fight; grace, with which I endure; love, with which I conquer; and power, that makes me mightier than all my enemies. Jesus gives to me so liberally! In fact, I have a standing invitation to go when I like and help myself to all I need. How are you in this respect?

I have not been able to send you a song or article. I will explain when we meet; that will be soon, so I shall come with the General. Remember me to all. God bless you!

Yours affectionately, JOHN LAWLEY.



1444. **Merby, Henry.** Left home (N.S.) four years ago. Was last heard from in April, 1914. He was then in New York, near Central Washington, U. S. He is 24 years of age, height 5 ft. 7 in., broad shoulders, dark hair, blue eyes, small mustache on side of nose and chin. His mother, Mrs. J. Merby, of Rockingham, N. B., is anxious. American City please copy.

1445. **Grayson, Anna and Phoebe (Ellen and John).** Information requested by Mrs. Bridget McGeehan (nee Lawley), Lyons, Michigan-American City please copy.

1446. **Hoskins, Thomas.** Born at Tyndal, Cornwall, Eng. Joined his brother at Crowland, Lincoln Co., Canada, over twenty years ago. Learnt cabinet-making at Point Hill, Wollaton Co. From there he went to United States and worked near Buffalo. Thought to have married a widow, and to have been joined soon after by sister and brother and her children. His brother, Rev. T. Hoskins, Bathurst, Ont., also in Australia, are very anxious to hear from him. American City please copy.

1447. **Glover, Charles.** Left his home on June 6th and went west. Wore black hat, grey pants, black stockings, beard brown and. Aged 15 years. Information touching his whereabouts will be rewarded by William Glover, Campbellton, N.B.

1448. **Bowers, A. L.** Last heard from two years ago. Supposed to have been in Michigan near Detroit. Has been in Seattle. Was working for a Book Store. His friends are very anxious. If he will write to Salvation Army, 263 Victoria St., Toronto, he will hear something to his advantage. U. S. and Canadian City please copy.

1449. **Giddens, Herbert.** Alton, Ontario. Age 16, height 5 ft. 10 in., pale complexion, light hair, irregular teeth, dark eyes, thin build. He is a "Lancaster," July 25th, 1914. His parents in Bristol are most anxious and distressed, and if he will only return all expenses will be paid.

1450. **Gardner, John.** Last known address 21 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Has not been heard from for two years. He is a builder by trade. Age about 25, curly hair, short and stout. His sister, Mrs. Alexander, 70 Victoria Lane, is very anxious to find him. U. S. City please copy.

1451. **Clements (see Amelia Galloway).** Left England about 2 years ago, from Portsmouth, on H.M.S. "Cordill." Her husband is a blacksmith. Was working as a market gardener before he left at South Sea, Portsmouth. Her sister, Mrs. Galloway, c/o S.A.A. Spokane, Wash., U.S.A., is very anxious to hear from her. U. S. City please copy.

1452. **James, John.** Native of Armagh, Ireland. Went to Baltimore Co., Maryland, where he lived until about 1880, when he went to college in Maryland. Last heard of in 1888. Age about 22 years. His brother, Thomas C. James, of Baltimore, is at present living at Towdell, Md. As he is very rich, any information as to his brother's whereabouts will be most gratefully received.

1453. **McLean, Geo.** A native of Iowa, N.S. Last heard of at Calgary, N.W.T. He is about 3 feet 2, light complexion, thin build, laborer. His friends are very anxious to hear from him. U. S. City please copy.

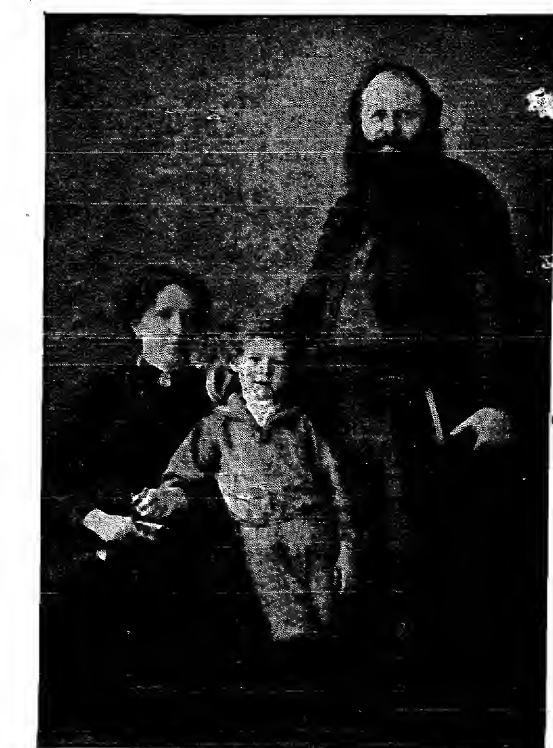
1454. **Carabine, Martin.** Native of Ireland. Last heard of during the Russian war, then living on a farm in Upper Canada. Information earnestly desired.

1455. **Cary, Mary.** If you will write to your brother, Hugh I. Cary, c/o Murray St., Montreal, P. Q., you will hear something to your advantage. He is in service at New Douglas House, Winnipeg. Last heard of in St. Paul, Minnesota. Tall, thin, dark hair, reddish hair full face, about built, between 20 and 30 years old. Anyone giving any information will be rewarded by her brother. U. S. City please copy.

1456. **McIntosh, James.** When last heard of was in Dublin, Ireland. He is about 25 years of age, low sized, thick set. An advertisement, J. McIntosh, photographer, Owen Sound, Ont., 116 Front St., is supposed to be his. His children, whom he has not written to for years, are anxiously awaiting. Any wife's mother's name is Mary Owen.

1457. **Finlayson, James.** Age 45 years. Dark. Last address 145 Huron Street, Toronto. He was about 20 years of age when he was last seen. His sister-in-law is very anxious to hear from him.

Are your actions a true reflection of your Master's? Are you doing what you know He would do, if He lived in your town? Do you seek the company He would? Spend your hours as He would? Hate what He would hate? Scorn what He would scorn, and despise all that He would despise?—General Booth.



MY DEAR MAJOR COMEY,—

I have your letter and note fully at my side. I am not in a position to send you any original production for your City at present. I may be able to give you a song or two when I am with you.

Mrs. Lawley and the family are first-class. Hallelujah! I am sending you a photo of Mrs. Lawley, our eldest boy and myself. I trust they will be satisfactory. Give my love to everybody.

Believe me to remain, yours, an all-round Salvationist,

JOHN LAWLEY, Colonel.



TO AND OVER.

Brig. Armstrong 70

40 AND OVER.

Mrs. Edwin Moore, Windsor, Ont. 51

Sgt. H. K. Keweenaw, Lippincott 50

40 AND OVER.

Sgt. Betty, Kingston 47

Miss H. H. Frost 48

Sister Peterson, Kingston 49

Mrs. Capt. H. 49

Comdante McHenry, Kingston 49

Capt. Fenton, Kingston 49

40 AND OVER.

Chief McHenry, St. John V. 57

Chief H. H. Frost 58

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Chief H. H. Frost 58

Chief H. H. Frost 58



"SINGING AROUND THE THRONE"

PRINCE ALBERT.—Death has visited our ranks, and taken our dear sister, Mrs. Fowler.

She had not the privilege of working for God in the meetings, as she was a sufferer for over two years.

About two months ago her desire was to be enrolled as a soldier of the Salvation Army. As she was unable to attend the meetings, we enrolled her at her home.

When talking to her about dying, her answer always was, "I'm ready to go." We asked her if she did not feel bad to leave her three little children, she said, "The Lord will take care of them."

The afternoon before she died, while sitting with her, she said, "I wish the Lord would take me now."

She suffered no pain at the last, but quietly slipped away, and we believe to-day she is one of the ransomed throng singing around the Throne.

As we gazed upon her peaceful face, we thought how beautiful it was to be ready to die.

We could not give her a Salvation Army funeral, as it was her wish to be buried with her parents in the English Church cemetery.

At our memorial meeting on Sunday night we felt God's Spirit was working.

CAPTAIN ISAACSON.

If God were to treat His soldiers with overbearing sunshine, shut them up by the meretricious, supply their wants and fascinate, and shield them from every rough wind that blows, they would be utterly useless and helpless for all real war.—The General.

Summer is doing well just now. Captain Penney and Lieutenant McLean are moving things in the right direction. The soldiers want a little more of the spirit of Jesus had when he looked upon the city and cried, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" I am praying that God will bless us all with His blessing.

It has pleased me very much of late to note the interest taken in our holiness movement. I believe our comrades are anxious to live holy lives. May God bring them all out into the full light of His purpose.

We have just lost one of our most devoted comrades at Windsor Road, Brother Ford. He was a faithful saint, and true unto the end, although he was a great offender, having a cancer for some years. An attempt was made to take it out, and was thought successful, but he found after some six months it was still there. In a short time it showed itself in another place, this time under the jaw-bone, and death was certain. He was a blessing to all that saw him while sick.

They could not help seeing his patience and meekness in such trying times. He always had a word of comfort for the comrades when they called, urged them on in the fight. The salvation of others was his cry, even while death looked him in the face. Would to God we had thousands of such people that thought more of the salvation of sinners than they thought about their own comfort. It would be better for God and the Salvation Army.

We gave him a soldier's funeral. It was very large, indeed, for a country place. The comrades of Windsor will miss Brother Ford very much. I pray that God may raise up someone to take his place, and his mantle of devotedness fall on all.—Ensign HONORS.

If a man is moved at all it must be of his own free will. This took him away from God, and this must bring him back again. God will not have him except of his own voluntary choice; which choice must be backed up with some sort of suffering, to prove its reality.—The General.

Newfoundland to be the First to Salute the General.

We Congratulate our Sister Colony—She will do Justice to the Occasion.

Welcome to Our Revered, Respected, and Beloved General.

Welcome, dear General, to Grand Old Newfoundland, a thousand welcomes from this little band, from our dear Commandant right down the rank and file. We join in wishing you God's blessing and His smile: And pray you may be filled with power throughout your whole Canadian tour.

Welcome, dear General to our Dominion fair, Ten thousand welcomes greet you everywhere; We're proud and glad to welcome to our midst, One who by God has been so richly blest; May you long live to lead us in God's war, Whose devoted soldiers we are and all we are.

Lieut. JAMES M. McCANN,
Children's Shelter, Toronto.

The part of the island of Newfoundland near the sea, consists of a hilly country with numerous of no great elevation. The interior consists of an elevated undulating plain, traversed here and there by ranges of low hills, the surface being diversified with valleys, woods, lakes, ponds, and marshes.



THE HARVEST FESTIVAL last year was a blessed time, not only financially but spiritually, especially at GRAND BAY, where we raised \$55 or so, with several such saved, too. In the

first place we got all the soldiers and sergeants together and talked the matter over, then gave them their different portion of work. We had fourteen collecting men, which were given to sergeants and soldiers, who were to get all the money they could, also peddlers, etc. We received over three barrels of potatoes and a barrel of flour. All this was brought to the barracks, and with that amount we had a grand meeting on Saturday night, with special meetings all day Sunday, and musical meeting on Monday night. A grand time, with two men.

After the meeting we had the auction. We had no trouble disposing of all the things we had on hand. The efforts, too, came in for a share, for—told the Captain to bid for what she wanted and he would pay for it. He also bought the barrel of flour and gave it to the Captain. The people believe in "hearing the Lord with their substance and the first fruits of their increase."

Around the district they took hold and did what they could. We believe the sergeants, soldiers, and friends of Trinity Bay District will come to the aid of the Lord. The target is set for the district and also for the different corps, and we are going to strain every nerve to reach it. The target for the district is \$100, which is divided among the corps as follows:—

CORPORAL, \$30; DILDO, \$15; HEART'S CORPS, \$15; SULLY CORPS, \$15; HEART'S HARBOR, \$15; OLD PELICAN, \$15; total, \$105.

The different targets are just about the thing. No doubt CARPENTER will keep up his good name. Go for the \$30.

And then there is bold and brave DILDO; although building a new barracks will show their loyalty and try and come up to the mark. Of course it must succeed with Captain HEART and Lieutenant Cuff at the wheel.

Who has not heard of HEART'S CORPS, with its popularity and a few brave soldiers, who raised over \$12 last year, and now Captain BRADY will do her best to reach goal and wipe off some of the debt from the barracks.

HEART SULLY CORPS, with Captain Campbell with long experience, and a band of blood-and-iron soldiers. Of course they will do their best to keep up with their much dear neighbor.

Then HEART'S HARBOR, a proper lot of men and women, and their target is \$15. Now, Lieutenants LEGG and WINE, show HEART'S CORPS and SULLY CORPS what you mean do.

Last, but not least, is OLD PELICAN, where Captain ENGLAND is with her brave lot. The comrades are used to doing something for God's Kingdom. Now, Captain, do your best, not only reach the mark but go over it and surprise the nation.

Now let us all pull together.

EDWIN FREEMAN.

"SALVATIONIST," LABRADOR,

August 9th, 1894.

Again we can report victory; the Lord has been helping us in a wonderful way since we said good-bye to friends and soldiers to visit the shores of Labrador, which we love to be doing so much.



We had the privilege of spending our first Sunday in Ship's Harbor, and there being only a few people there, we went across to another harbor near by, led a meeting, visited two soldiers: and returned to our little vessel again.

At seven p.m. we saw the people coming on board, and at 7:30 we started service. After the first and second song, Cadet Green led us off into a good testimony meeting. Lieutenant Moulton read from God's Word, Lieutenant Cooper made an earnest appeal to the unsaved. When the net was drawn in, we were led to rejoice over one soul found in it. After we had her testimony, we closed our first meeting, feeling sure that God had blessed us very much. On we go to do something more for Jesus.

CAPTAIN PARSONS AND CREW.

The climate in Newfoundland is usually very fine, and is often prolonged till November. There is nothing in the climate to interfere with agriculture. Tomatoes are unknown, and thunderstorms are very rare. Fog, of which so much is said in connection with the country, are confined to the shores and bays of the south-coast and southern coast.

THE COVE.—We are here a land of blood-washed soldiers ready to do anything for Jesus. Last Monday night while two of the comrades led the meeting, one dear girl came forward and claimed forgiveness. She is still keeping good. Yesterday a hard fight, but one precious soul.—Captain BARNUM, Lieutenant BUTLER.

One of the most remarkable of the physical features of Newfoundland, is the immense number of lakes and ponds, which occupy nearly a third of the whole surface.

St. John's II, Nfld.—Sunday night was the crowning time. We were believing all day for a wonderful success in the ranks of the enemy, and we were not disappointed, for five bodies and one altar kneels at the Cross. Five got properly saved and are doing well. On Monday night two more got blessedly saved. The week closed in with nine precious souls in the salvation.—Lieutenant HODGSON for Captain PRINCE.

The pine, spruce, birch, juniper, and larch of the forests of the interior of Newfoundland, furnish ample materials for a large timber trade, as well as for shipbuilding purposes. The mountain ash, balsam, poplar, and aspen thrive well. Evergreens are in great variety. The berry-bearing plants cover large areas of the island. The maidenhair or capillaria yields a scorching matter which is luxuriously sweet. Flowering plants and ferns are in vast varieties, and wild grasses and clover grow luxuriously. Garden vegetables of all kinds, and strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants, etc., thrive well.

The fisheries constitute the grand staple industry of Newfoundland. The most important is that of cod, which is the most extensive of the kind in the world. The cod are taken on the shores of the island, on the Banks, and along the coast of Labrador. The Bank fishery is now prosecuted chiefly by the French and by Americans, Newfoundlanders occupying themselves chiefly with the shore and Labrador fishery. The aggregate annual catch of cod at present in the North-American waters is estimated at 3,700,000 quintals, or 150,000,000 fish. The value at \$4 a quintal would be \$14,800,000. Nearly four-fifths of the entire returns of the Newfoundland fisheries arise from the cod fishery.

Mid Island Cove.—Saturday night was a real anti-reviving time. Our Methodist brother told how God had sanctified him. People said he didn't know what sanctification was, but through it all he could clap his hands, because he had the witness within. He gave our words convert encouragement to go on, finishing up by saying, "God bless the people where he was saved." I mustn't omit saying that Lieut. Thompson was dancing happy all the time, down one side and up the other. If he had had the wings of a dove, I expect we would have been miles of one. Sunday from 7 a.m. till late at night, good crowds, good interest, the Spirit of God prevailed. ALFRED CREW, for Lieut. THOMPSON.

The climate of Newfoundland is more temperate than that of most portions of the neighboring continent. The Arctic current exerts a chilling influence along the eastern coast, but as compensation, it brings with it the enormous wealth of commercial fishes and seals which has rendered the fisheries the most productive in the world. The Gulf Stream, while it creates fog, modifies the cold. The salubrity of the climate is evidenced by the robust, healthy appearance of the inhabitants. Open fireplaces are sufficient to warm the houses, and free exercise in the open air is attainable at all seasons.

TUNE—Bound for Glory. (B.J., 17.)

We are a noisy, happy band,
With the sword of God in hand,
Going forth to take our stand
In the Army.
Though by Satan tempted sore,
And the people scoff and sneer,
On we go without a fear,
This side Jordan.

CHORUS.

Over Jordan, etc.

We are after those in sin,
Jesus waits to take them in,
And His blood will wash them clean,
If they trust Him.
Twas for them that Jesus died,
When the Romans pierced His side,
And the blood of crimson tide—
There on Calvary.

There are people now to-day,
Down in vice and misery,
Wandering on the broad highway,
To Destruction.
They are vile and steeped in sin,
Calvary's Lamb for them was slain,
Through the blood they may be clean,
This side Jordan.

Lieut. HARRIS, Newfoundland.

The largest river in Newfoundland is the Exploits, 200 miles in length. The valley through which it flows contains large areas of fertile land, capable of yielding crops of all kinds, and in many places is covered with pine forests containing timber of large growth.



LD PELICAN.—We are all marching forward. Since you last heard from us there has been a change here. Captain Campbell has been away for a short rest. During her absence three souls knelt at the Cross, and she has also returned and has said good-bye to old Pelican comrades and friends, and has gone to take charge of Solly Cove. Captain England is now running the ship here. Our soldiers are on fire, and more than ever altogether we are praying that God will make us real terrors to the devil.—Sergeant D. HINDY for Captain ENGLAND.

The shores of those great lakes, and the fertile valleys through which their rivers flow, are as yet absolute solitudes, the very existence of which was until recently all but unknown.

Morton's Harbor.—God is still blessing us here. Although our comrades and friends do not get much news, this summer, and prospects in that direction appear dark, we still praise God for several great fish being caught in the Hallelujah net. We are endeavoring to cast the net on the right side of the ship, and believing numbers more will be caught. BILL HOLMES, Captain; M. TILLEY, Cadet.

Jackson's Cove.—The devil would have us to be quiet, but I feel like writing a report. After six months fighting at Oklaia, I said good-bys to the comrades there. We took ship for this place, and after a few days on board the "Glad Tidings" we reached here all right. Now we are fighting the devil. Thank God we are having the victory. And we've started to build an officers' quarters. I'm sure the devil doesn't like to see that, and no doubt he is going around saying, "They're not going to leave yet." Cadet BURNER.

P.R.—Since writing this the devil got defeated, and one poor wanderer has returned to Jesus. Who washed his sins away.

Beauvieux.—Five recruits were enrolled under the Blood and Fire flag, the first enrollment in our new barracks: it was a blessed time. Sunday's open-air and inside meetings, led by Mrs. TILLEY, were times of power and blessing. Crowds stood around our open-air ring to hear the story of the Cross. We closed at night with an soul. Since then fourteen have sought the blessing of a clean heart. Lieut. MANNING.

Dildo.—Glad to be able to report victory. Although having just a small store to hold our meetings in, God has come very near. Since coming here we have had the joy of seeing five kneel at the Cross, likewise twenty for the blessing. Our comrades are getting on fine with the new barracks, which in a little while will be ready to open. Capt. MANNING, Lieut. CARZ.



GOD SPEED THE "CARTHAGINIAN!"

The Ensign has Paid his Usual Visit to the Corps in the District.

WALLACERBURG.—Good crowd and a nice time. Captain Dean has hurt his foot, but is going in to do something in the Harvest Festival, assisted by her Lieutenant.

BOTSWELL.—A very good crowd turned out here, and we had a good meeting.

THANBYVILLE.—Without officers. There were a few faithful soldiers here who mean to stick to it. The meeting was held in the barracks and was attended by a nice crowd.

DRESDEN.—Since writing last report we have had three souls. We are very busy with Harvest Festival. God has abundantly blessed me in my soul.—Ensign Lee, Lieutenant Doyle.

The Light Brigade.—After a successful tour through Ensigns Miller and Moore's district we landed in London. Everybody is so much in love with our Social Work. Quite a few letters. One from Basil Matthews, agent for Comber, asking for fifteen boxes to be sent on to him at once. This will put his corps up to over fifty. God bless and help you, M.—There are quite a few others who are pushing ahead grandly.

Mrs. W.—of LEAMINGTON, is in for a good work. Captain Fry pushed things fine at our visit; in fact, the officers all did. With a little push we shall be able to help our poor, fallen sisters and the dear little children.

Now we are north bound. First St. MARYS. We had a nice meeting, and gave out a few boxes. The outside people are very kind toward our work.

Next came STRATFORD. Captain Richardson has a real good hold here. This helped us much. We had a good meeting. The people took the boxes and helped us also.

MITCHELL. came next. The people here know very little of our Social Work. One gentleman came to me after the meeting and said, "I never knew the Salvation Army was doing anything of this kind. He left two dollars. Mrs. Time will help them into the light."

STAFFORD. was the next call. Mrs. B.—has over fifty at a corps. One man gives his wife all the coppers for his box. This agent has worked hard. God will reward her, I am sure. Trust our meeting will help her as much as she thought it would.

Now comes BAYVIEW. I almost felt I was in dear old Newfoundland once more, on the day. An open-hearted crowd. We gave out a nice lot of boxes. Took a collection of \$5.07 inside. Captain Cremer will be the agent for a time. She has a good corps to start with. One man said he thought he was a poor fellow if he could not put \$5 in his box in the three months. I am writing this. Things are hard here, but we gave out fourteen boxes last night, and Captain McKenna is in for moving things, and there is a feeling of victory around.—H. CROOK.

Renfrew.—Truly, like the Psalmist, can we say, "The Lord hath satisfied the longing of our souls." The time for the bringing in of the fruits of the harvest has come, and we are rejoicing over victories won. It was with joy, and full of expectations for a marvellous success, that Captain Burrows and myself started out with the horse and rig that had been so kindly lent to us for the purpose of gathering in the produce to be given to the kind farmers in the country. We started out in the morning to visit the farmers. The people gave us produce in abundance. The first day we were out nearly every farmer we visited told us just to help ourselves to what we wanted, and I assure you we did. We returned in the evening well loaded and in high spirits. In fact, we were very much led to believe that our horse was rejoicing, too, for as we were coming down a hill on our way home, the very pretty turned his head towards heaven and broke the harness in three or four places. Fortunately, we had some straps with which we managed to brace things up again, so got home in safety.

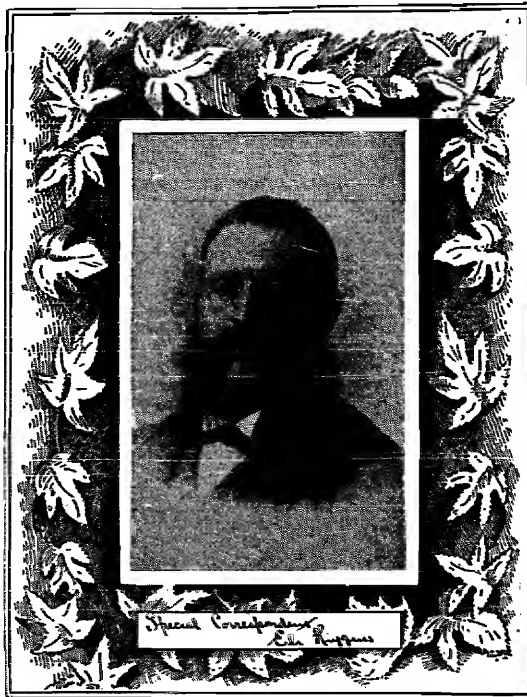
Saturday was spent in decorating the barracks. This was done very tastefully with the aid of a few outside friends. At night we turned out on the march with our white sashes on. This drew the crowd to a real good meeting inside.

Sunday at seven p.m. found us again at knee-drill. Seventeen met before God to be fitted for the day's fight. It was the best knee-drill I've attended in a long while, for we had the joy of seeing our own barracks given themselves to God again. Holiness meeting was a real blessed time, for holiness volunteered for salvation and rose to testify. The afternoon was an interesting one, and at night full of the most respectable and intelligent class of people we have had the privilege of speaking to for some time. One young lad came and gave his heart to God, and on Sunday closed with a total of four souls.

Monday night a never-to-be-forgotten time. Grand torch-light march. Great crowd at the open-air. After a march on the main street we returned to find the barracks filled again.

After a short meeting the pastor of our church, who is Captain Burrows, was converted into an auctioneer and sold out our stock. No doubt Brigadier Scott wonders whether Renfrew will reach its target. He'll dance when he sees the results.—Lieutenant Crook, Renfrew for Captain Burrows.

Drexford.—Sunday, holiness meeting. Captain Read to us from Ensigns, the street



VANCOUVER.—I expect that my last Sunday was spent in Vancouver yesterday. The meetings were beautiful all day, and in this, my first report, I must give you a sort of a Salvation Army-hallelujah-Methodist-go-as-you-please mixture.

The 7 o'clock knee-drill was a taste of fat things on the lean. Brother William Campbell led the meeting in his regular score-the-devil-to-death style, and it was good to be there. The soldiers took hold with a will and the Lord was there to save, and one poor, sin-befogged soul stepped from darkness into light. The holiness meeting, led by Lieut. Corlett, was a time of refreshing from the Lord. In the meantime your humble servant led his regular class meeting, Nomer Street Methodist Church from 9:30 to 11, and then listened to a clear-cut, salvation-from-sin sermon by the Rev. G. Watson. Then the march and free-and-easy went like a primrose fire and was led by the Lieutenant; but the night meeting we think was one of the best that we ever attended. The street was full around the open-air ring, and the comrades waved right in and dealt out some hard blows against the father of lies. On getting to the barracks we found it full—a regular pitch-in all around. Sister Carson and Brothers Bell, Morris, Ferguson, Bontame and Sister Smith made out a splendid case for serving the Lord Jesus Christ. Lieut. Corlett fired in a well-considered argument against a sinful life, convincing argument to be true to God we have seldom listened to. Where the invitation was given four sin-bound slaves stepped out, and God set three of them at liberty; but the other one was so muddled by the quantity of the devil in solution that he had swallowed, that he did not seem to understand what he had come out for.

On Monday we had the pleasure of seeing

chapter, about the Christian's armor. He made it very interesting. Father Leonard was with us. At 2:50 p.m. away we went for Victoria Park. Here we had a lively time; some straight story. Sister Mary Smith was accompanied with her auto. The people all opened their mouths and eyes, wondering what kind of machine it could be. One brother said that this world was nothing more than a dressing-room for eternity. Four p.m. we went to the barracks where we had an ardent. Three comrades took the solemn vow. Ex-captain M. Smith and Captain and Mrs. Fisher have decided to follow God in the old path. God bless them. 7:35 p.m., out we go for a short open-air. We had not been there five minutes when along comes a policeman with a "Move on, move on." He tried several times to start us off. At last he caught hold of our beloved Captain and took him to the station. We did not let him take him alone, but followed them, marched around and back to the barracks. We had a powerful meeting. One poor, sin-bet and came to God. Then we went in for a red-hot testimony meeting. How those lads and ladies did sing and dance around, while poor Captain was in the police station. Five or

Mrs. Read, as she came off the boat from Nanaimo, on her return from Victoria and some of the cities on Puget Sound. Then when we got to the station we were surprised again and delighted to see Sergeant Whipple, Langdale, and Wentworth, and a lot of soldiers of the Vancouver corps there to bid us God-speed, and also a large representation of my own morning class. Mrs. Tufin, in a few words that went right to the heart, presented your humble servant with a beautiful morocco-bound reference Bible and hymn-book, with the following inscription within:

"Presented to Mr. E. H. Higgins, by the members of his Sunday morning class, upon the occasion of his regretted removal from Vancouver, as an expression of our appreciation of his valuable services as leader, and as an affectionate remembrance of his possible seasons spent together in Christian fellowship. Signed on behalf of the class, O. WATSON, Pastor of Nomer St. Meth. Church. Vancouver, B.C. August 20th, 1904."

And we made a big reply—nothing of the kind, it took all the talk out of us, and all that we could do was to look our mute gratitude to God and thank Him that He had enabled us to do for His cause what these dear friends thought worthy of such a marked recognition as their hands.

Mourning passed, grimes crowned, and here in Moses' Jaw. Just time to run to the barracks and have a fling at the devil, and a word of cheer to my dear friends, Capt. Corlett and Lieut. Davidson, who have lost none of their fire since they left the Pacific Coast, and who are making it warm for his satanic devilship. Two young lads in the penitential form. Well saved, brothers and all, and had just time to see them start a grand march around the hall.—E. H. HIGGINS.

six were ready to ball the Captain out. Next morning the trial came off. Of course the policeman had to try to defend himself. He brought a charge against the Captain for obstructing the street. But the judge could find nothing against the Captain, so dismissed the case. Victory on Jesus' side. Pray for that poor policeman.—J. B. BRALL, S. C.

Chesley.—On Sunday we had a real battle for souls. The devil opposed us with all his might, but God Who is Almighty came to our help. At night we had the joy of seeing three bad boys return to their Father.—Captain CHATFIELD, Lieutenant HALLEY.

Gannoguet.—We are on the up-line; our meetings are better attended. We had a good crowd at the outpost, Thurso, N.Y. One gentleman, who forgot the halters to tie his horse, and had to stay outside, took the advantage of the open window, and did not forget the WAR CRY and collection in turn.

We have a good lot of shavers here. The new converts are testifying. We expect to have a banquet on the 19th to help clear some debt on the corps. Captain Lloyd, travelling agent for WAR CRY, etc., did us

good, and notwithstanding the citizens' hand being out, our little string band and soldiers kept things lively, and the crowd stayed well.—Capt. CHESLEY.

Frederickton, N. B.—We are rejoicing in seeing sinners converted. The people in this town are becoming roused up to the fact that they have souls to save.

Tuesday night two came out for sanctification, and Friday night two for holiness. On Saturday two sinners sought and found pardon.

Blessed meetings all Sunday, and we had the pleasure of seeing five souls out for cleansing and six for salvation.

Halifax, I.—This past week the Harvest Festival scheme has received a good deal of attention.

On Thursday and Friday night the officers and band went to Dartmouth and No. 11 corps to help in their Harvest Festival sale of goods, which seemed off successfully, and on Saturday night we had our turn. The bidding was lively, but on account of time had to continue the meeting till next week.

Our picnic, a united effort of the Dartmouth and city corps, promises to be a success, to be held at Birch Cove.

The Lord was with us all day Sunday, when four souls knelt at the Cross.—Sergeant CASPER.

Perth.—The preparations at Montreal I for the banquet and wedding and welcome to Commandant, went full swing. Painters and carpenters piled their various branches of art to complete the comfort of the Temple. Announcements were displayed, and everything generally points to a good, successful time. I am sure our coming is expected in the small as Ensign McLean and Cap. Ian Larier. I was loath to leave on the very verge of these meetings, but duty calls loudly, and I am on route for Perth. A nice little town it is, bearing a business-like aspect. Captain Kendell and I have concluded there is plenty of chance for a good work being done, and we are rolling up our sleeves. The people are friendly, and the soldiers sanguine of a revival.

Good-bye, Montreal! All hail, Perth! A secret, Mr. Editor: We indulged in a dance and a glory time last night.—Captain KENDALL, Lieut. HOLLYMAN.

Nanaimo, N.B.—There would not be a greater novelty in the pages of the War Cry than a report written by the undersigned, by way of a surprise here is one. We have had the privilege of having our Provincial Secretary's better-half with us for a Saturday and Sunday. At knee-drill God saved one soul, and in the holiness meeting a good work was done, some professing full deliverance. Since then changes have been proposed for the day, my Lieutenant being taken from here, promoted to the rank of Captain, and sent to Victoria. One of the heaves from there, in the person of your worthy special correspondent, has been sent to assist here. Backsliders are coming home, four having turned their places again by paying the truth of His promise. "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out."

Our comrades gave us a farewell tale after our soldiers' meeting, it being understood that we were both going away. In the rank of great Salvation Army men are prepared for almost anything, and a telegram came which settled me here for a short time yet. So I go on in His strength to do all that lies in my power to wake up the dead.—Captain PATTON.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.—Lieutenant Pugh, Provincial Agent for the "Grace before Meals" box, spent four days with us.

Friday was a great day in the history of Charlottetown. The people of the city, in fact, all over the island, were enthusiastic over the reception of Lord and Lady Aberdeen. They gave them a proper welcome, as well as the sixty American tourists, who came on a special steamer. We decided to spend the evening in the open-air, and make the best of our opportunities.

I could not say how many people were around us; it was a very difficult job to keep any ring whatever. Some thought they would be crushed to death by the people trying to get near enough to see and hear what we were doing.

In the open-air Saturday night, we had a fine time, even better than Friday. All the rest of the meetings were good. Mr. Boer, who has just returned home after a year's travelling in Ireland, Scotland and England, and, by the way, just from the O.R., does not will have some interesting accounts to give.

Lawson.—For some time we have been looking forward to a Salvation Army meeting in Lawson. We were able to send our agent for August 21st. Our dear officers, Lieut. and Mrs. Taylor, conducted the meeting, assisted by a crowd of boys, obtaining in the city a number of sinners wondering what the matter was; but, praise God, we had a victory, and were able to tell these precious people that nothing seemed too hard for us to do, that we might win them for our God. They were faithfully dealt to.

Mrs. Taylor spoke to a dear girl who confessed she was not right with God, but wanted to be, and promised to lead a different life, and longed for more salvation Army meetings in Lawson; as also does the writer.—JAMES GAUTHER, S. C.

Christ does not value sentimentality, but reality.

TRAVELS AND TRIUMPH

IN THE

North-West and B. C.

CHAPTER VIII.

BY MAJOR J. READ.

Her of Combat—A Fierce Struggle
Sawd Barber—Corduroy Roads and T
Sawp—A Salvationist's Ranch—St
Again—"Faith and Fury"—A Ge
Candidate—Shattered Hopes
In Dry Dock—"Galant Great Odds
—Nearly Drowned—"Salva
tion Colony"—Brave Moun
taineer Soldiers.

New Westminster lies on the side
beautiful hill. Every prospect pleases
the eye, the city rights down to the
at the base of the mighty Fraser River. C
ing up the river by steamboat the scene
during in the extreme. Pen falls to
soothe it.

Nanaimo is another small city similar
to it. One or two coal shafts are in
operation here, and coal would be
cheap if he was dropped down in a La
salle and district, bearing the beautiful
water under which the miners toil
labor.

Mr. Read spent Saturday and Sunday
August 18th and 19th, at the latter place
the writer at the former, but, as
reads, the Major became hoarse in con
versation of Brigs and Harbor Grace, Na
came up, places where he was last seen
by a gig. This time the doctor look
satisfied and said, "It may turn out to
be a success. However, with good nursing
shall we get O.K. The Saturday morn
ing and inside meeting were
through. Knee-drill was missed; my work
was too great. I struggled through the
holiness meeting, saw one struggling
the Cross, then at twelve o'clock I de
cided over to the quarters. The doc
tor came and look above for his verdict.

Monday, Aug. 20th.—Expecting Mr.
Read over from Nanaimo. Feeling a
little better; rather weak still; but had
strength to go down street, visited the
Rev. (who happened to be a well-served
man). "There, between Aug. 1 and 8, I
your barracks; I was a terrible sinner, but
in ten months ago I got saved, and it
hasn't been different ever since." This was
testimony in short as he stood shivering.

Captain S. Smith is a worker. E
the a.m. was standing at the door of
the Lieut. E. Gooding sold over of
the Cross on Saturday afternoon. In my
view I managed to lead a soldiers' cor
ps on Sunday, between 6 p.m. and 7
p.m. The Harvest Festival scheme
had before them. Last year N. W. re
alized over \$100. This year they expec
to for \$200, and will get it, I believe.
Mrs. Read reached New Westminster
Monday, August 20th, at noon, and
happy little crowd started for Clayton
spend a time with some of our Salva
tionists, and never shall I forget the
experience of those two days.

At the landing at Port Kells stood
Hentley, a native of Brooklyn, Ont.
had brought a big wagon with a couple
horses, and soon after starting the
began. Being a new country, trees and
rocks filled the crude road. Parts
of it were corduroy, and our feelings
"better feel than that." All kinds
manoeuvres were promised to make
riding easy. Sometimes we held to
wagon's sides, at others we stood, or
up in the wagon's bed; but we reached
Brother Routley's ranch at last, then dis
cussing the meeting was to be held.

At 9 p.m. we started this meeting,
our dear faithful out-riding soldiers
not only for months but they bravely for
without an officer's sleep with no sleep
it is no wonder we loved them. The
start away in among the mountains to
steel they remain to the Army and
describes.

Sickness again overcame your hus
band, and he arrived back at New Wes
minster and Vancouver utterly unfit
for the soldiers' council, which had been
mapped. However, we attended it,
had a very nice time, indeed. Fal
"faith and fury" are these Vanco
soliers and recruits.

Mrs. Read enrolled seven recruits
Vancouver, August 22nd. During
day the Major interviewed three
thirteen, two of them leaving him to
application and fee. One wanted to
be a soldier, speaking and writing the la
very eloquently. Yet another had

PRAY! PRAY! PRAY!

For Times of Refreshing from the Presence of the Lord.

"The heavenly gales are blowing,
The cleansing stream is flowing,

Beneath its waves I'm going,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord."

—Chorus of a Service song by the GENERAL.

WELCOME! WELCOME! WELCOME!

TEN THOUSAND TIMES WELCOME TO FAIR CANADA.

THE GENERAL

Sailed per s.s. "Carthaginian" from Liverpool, England, September 11th, and will visit

LOOK!
LOOK!
LOOK!

HALIFAX, September 22nd, 23rd and 24th.

LOOK!
LOOK!
LOOK!

COLONEL LAWLEY, THE GENERAL'S A.D.C., will accompany him.

THE COMMANDANT WILL BE PRESENT.

THE GENERAL,

Assisted by the COMMANDANT, COLONEL LAWLEY, and a host of Officers and Soldiers, will conduct a

COLOSSAL AND MAGNIFICENT SALVATION CAMPAIGN,

AS FOLLOWS:

HALIFAX, - Sept. 22nd, 23rd and 24th.	YARMOUTH, - - - Sept. 28th.
NEW GLASGOW, - - - Sept. 25th.	ST. JOHN, Sept. 29th and 30th, and Oct. 1st.
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., - Sept. 26th.	FREDERICTON, - - - Oct. 2nd.
TRURO, - - - Sept. 27th.	MONCTON, - - - Oct. 3rd.
	QUEBEC, - - - 5th.

SPECIAL RATES in connection with the General's Meetings:—To HALIFAX, single fare for return from all stations by using Exhibition Tickets, September 22nd and 24th. TRURO, NEW GLASGOW, MONCTON and ST. JOHN, one fare and a third from all I.C.R. stations; buy single ticket and get standard certificate. To ST. JOHN, on Saturday, 20th September, on the "City of Montecello," from Annapolis and Digby, one fare and a third. From St. Stephen to St. John, single fare for return, Saturday, 29th. CHARLOTTETOWN, cheap fares from all stations on the P.E.I.R.

No one should miss this opportunity of seeing our beloved General, whom God has used in raising up the mighty Soul-Saving Army, "on whose flag the sun never sets."

FOR FULL PARTICULARS SEE LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.